



M^r VANDERMERE in the character of
Skirmish
in the " Deserter

THE
C H A R M S
O F
M E L O D Y.

BEING A
SELECT COLLECTION

OR THE

NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED

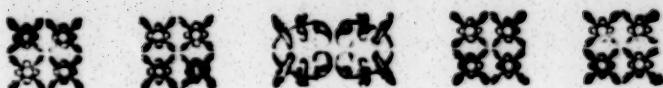
HUMOROUS, DRINKING, &
LOYAL SONGS.

*** The Editor leaves this SELECT COLLECTION to speak for itself; for in this venal Age, when the ART of PUFFING is reduced into a Science, the justest Character of a Work is generally considered, as merely the Production of some interested Bookseller, or Hireling Scribbler. He must, however, assure his Reader, that numberless Errors, which disgrace some other Collections, are corrected in this; and that it will be found worthy the Perusal of all those, who have a love for Poetry, and are moved by "the Concord of sweet sounds."

D U B L I N:

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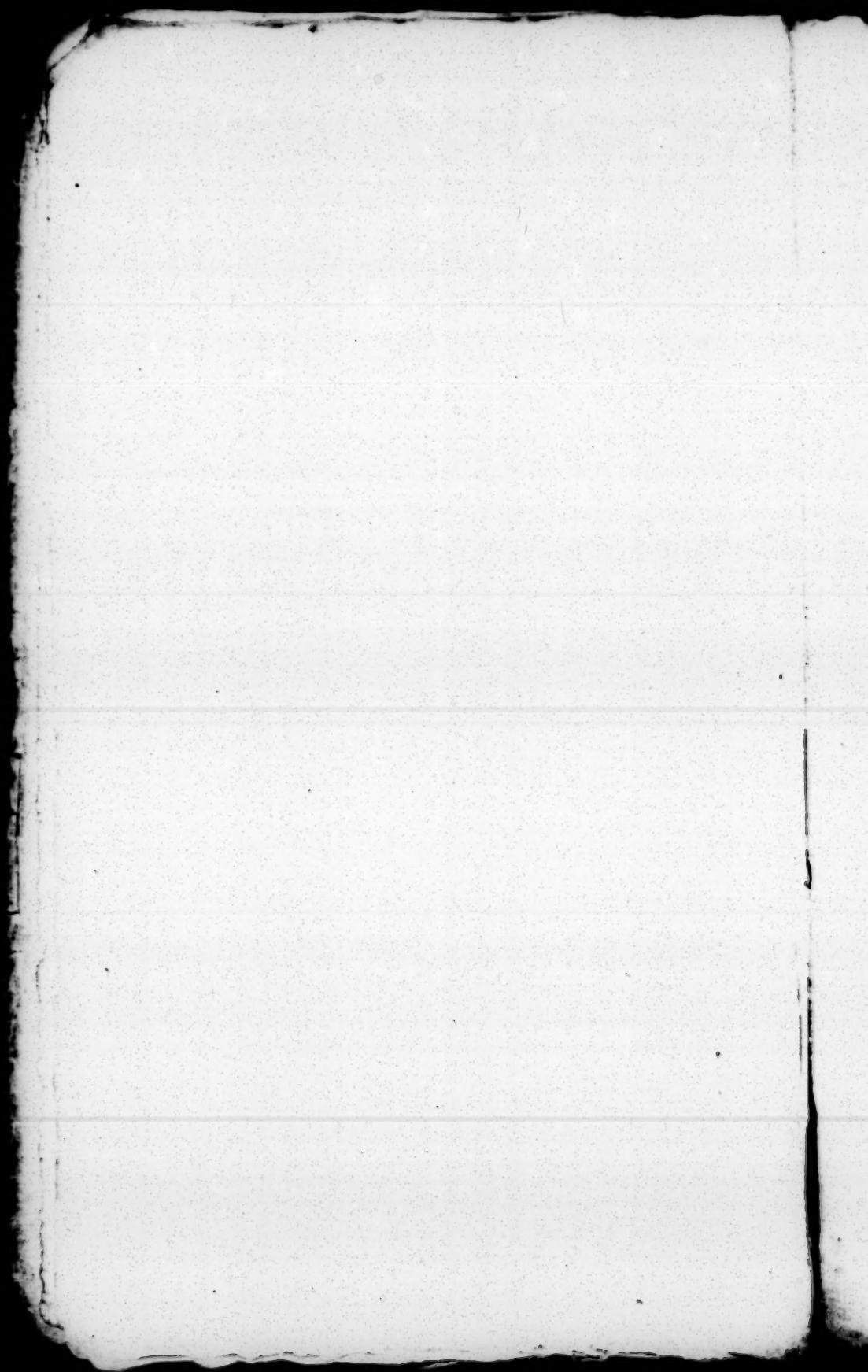
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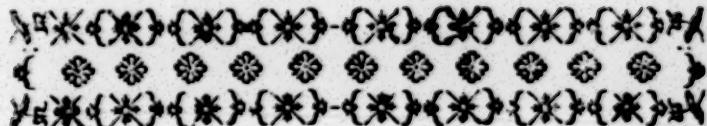
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HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND LOYAL SONGS.

SONG I.

*Sung by Mr. VANDERMERE, in the Character of SKIRMISH,
in the Deserter. (See Frontispiece.)*

THOUGH to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking,
There's nothing but I'd do, or say,
Yet Skirmish ne'er shall run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end
He's none of your flatt'ners, who fawn and are civil,
But for country, his bottle, his king, or his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half way to the devil.

SONG II.

MY Temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the brim with some favourite juice?

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart ;
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed ;
While Age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

SONG III.

WHEN bick'ring; hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gamiorum ;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is—push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug ?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibes can wag,
With her mouthfull of liquor.

SONG IV.

BEWOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree.
Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee,
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree ;
Bend to thee
Bles'd Mulberry ;
Matchless was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear :
All shall yield, &c.

The

LOYAL SONGS.

3

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bōw'r's,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'r's;
The Garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'r's, and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch
Supplies Law and Phylic, and Grace for the Church;
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best Phylic for body and mind.

All shall yield &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

SONG V.

BANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys,
Time flies swiftly, to-morrow brings care;

If you believe it,
Drinking deceives it,
Wine will relieve it,

And drown despair.

The sweets of wine are found in possessing
its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing;
The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
A bumper or two with a cheerful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength when nature's exhausted,
Heals the sick man, and frees the slave;

Makes

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Makes the stiff stumble
 And the proud humble,
 Exalts the niggard,
 Makes cowards brave. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover
 Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise ;
 She'll cry you'll undo her,
 But be a brisk wooer,
 Attack her, pursue her,
 You'll gain the prize. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes worldly sorrow,
 Then who'd omit the pleasing task ?
 Since wine's sweet society
 Eases anxiety,
 Damn dull sobriety ;
 Bring t'other flask. The sweets, &c.

SONG VI

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you :
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

SONG VII.

Tune, — *The Hounds are all out.*

COntented I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar as sociably stor'd, My brave boys.
 My vault door is open, descend and improve,
 That cask, — aye, that we will try ;
 'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
 "Twill light us each bottle to hand :
 The foot of my glass for that purpose I broke,
 As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Affright

LOYAL SONGS.

A ride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along ;
Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,
And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss ;
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream
Like stucco work cut out of mose.

When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame shines,
Which when moisture is wanting decays ;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins are well fill'd,
View that heap of Old Hock in your rear ;
Yon bottles are Burgundy ! mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like *Macedon's madman* my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout ;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
When reeling, I roll on the floor ;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck to do more.

Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic jacet* be cut on my stome,
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that His drinking is done,

My brave boys.

S O N G VIII.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;
For life without these, &c.
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let them have their humour, and I will have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forgo the joys of my lads,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

SONG IX.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a gen'rous bowl and toast
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post :
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here ;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry, merry be
And take his glass in course,
May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
With ne'er a penny in's purse :
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife
To confound him with her noise.
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his mistress in his bed ;
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his stead,
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

SONG

SONG X.

AT the sign of the horse, where old Spinetext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
Over a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical fot.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submision ;
First stroak'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, prefer'd his petition :

I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,
Of your reverence's worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray what's the hurry ?
Why, lord sir, the corpse it does stay ;
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, sir, a small child,
Cannot long delay your intentions ;
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor ;
Come, Moses, the king ; it's a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower ;
Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That a corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray, master look up at the hand ;
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
Then stagger'd away side by side.

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

When come to the grave, the clerk he then gave,
 The surplice to wrap round the priest ;
 So droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
 The parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corps 'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,
 Oh ! man that's born of woman
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
 You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, pray look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turned upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the Devil is in't,
 That a blockhead should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corps in my stead,
 [Amen, Amen.]

Why, Moses, you're wrong, you fool hold your tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, death ! put the corps in the earth,
 For believe me 'tis terrible weather ;
 So the corps was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both flagger'd together.

SONG XI.

FILL, fill, fill the glafs,
 Briskly put it round ;
 Joyful news at last,
 Let the trumpet sound.

Join with lofty strains,
 Lovely nymphs, jolly swains,
 Peace and plenty shall again
 With wealth be crown'd.

Come, come, come, sweet peace,
 Thou most welcome guest ;
 Let all discord cease,
 Harmony abound.

SONG XII.

JUPITER wencheth and drinketh,
 He rules the roost in the sky.

LOYAL SONGS.

Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life,
I have my lass
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.

Let him flutter
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his haridan's furbella ;
To my fair tulips
I glew lips,
And clink to the cannikin here below.

Jupiter wenches, &c.

S O N G XIII.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year :
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?
Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men ;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady ;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away :
If they run why we follow, and drive them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children and beaux ;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Stout Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them fret,
In spite of the Devil, and Brussells Gazette :
Then cheer up my lads, with one voice let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our hussars, and king.
Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G XIV.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair with famine ever dwells,

A meagre

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took :
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good father Dorninck by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he beflow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his fingers pres'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

Air—*Alively Lass to a Friar came, &c.*

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchmans palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-maigre, frogs, and fallad !

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food,
 His morning's mewf forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tones, declar'd his grief

Air—*Foote's Minuet.*

Ah, sacre Dieu, vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ;
 Begar, it is de roait beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! granta me von letel bite.
 Eat to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

His fellow guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.

Soon as the well-known prospect he descri'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd

Air—*Ellen a Run.*

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy sight is,

My joy, that so light is,

To view thee, by puulfus runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing:

Ah, hard-hearted Louie,

Why did I come to you?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from starving.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,

Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;

But when old England's Bulwark he elpy'd,

His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside;

With lifted hand he bles'd his native place,

Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

Air—*The Broom of Caledonknotur.*

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,

When roast'd nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah! Charley hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'l had pick'd mine ey'n

Ere I had gang'd wi'thee.

O the beef, &c.

But, see! my Muse to England takes her flight,

Where Health and Plenty socially unite;

Where smiling Freedom guards great George's throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.

Though Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,

Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,

He boasted the size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the Old English roast beef.

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd " Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."
O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
O the roast beef &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur ;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir-Lein smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the fable.
O the roast beef of old-England
And O the Old English roast beef!

SONG XV.

Y E mortals, whom woes and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
Who lives hardly know what it is to be blest ;
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care ;
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
The rake shall forget that last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her son's fool to forget her gallants ;
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day :
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care ;
Drink deep of the stream, &c.

SONG XVI.

RAIL no more, ye learned ales,
'Gainst the joys the bow! supplies ;

Sound

LOYAL SONGS.

13

Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain:
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG XVII.

SEE! see! the full bowl,
 'Tis the world, 'tis the world, 'tis the world of my soul:
 The punch is the ocean, and the sides are the coast,
 And the ship, ship, ship, and the ship the brown toast.
 Then let's have one round,
 Till the bottom be found,
 And our ship run a-ground.
 How mighty are we,
 That can drink up the sea?
 Let a new deluge flow,
 And we'll drink, drink, drink, and we'll drink it also.

SONG XVIII.

ONCE in our lives
 Let us drink to our wives,
 Tho' their number be but small;
 Heaven take the best,
 And the devil take the rest,
 So we shall get rid of them all.
 To this hearty wish
 Let each man take his dish,
 And drink, drink till he fall.

SONG XIX.

ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.
 (By G. A. STEVENS)

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;

C

Merry

Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd 'sore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While Nature disorderly lay,
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the Humourist droll'd,
So none cou'd his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove :

Sire.—Mark how yon Matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 'twould please all your court ;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useles, you know ;
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his Fiat creation took birth ;
The cloud-keeping Deity sain'd on his throne,
Then announc'd the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon ;
Apollo presented it Light ;
The Goddess of Child-bed dispatch'd us a Moon,
To silver the shadow of night.

The Queen of Soft-wishes, soul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her man of war ;
Saying, as to these Earth-folks I'll give them a guide
So the isparkled the morn and eve Star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,
In ellipses each planet advanc'd,
The Tune of the Spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,
The Expounder of Fate grasp'd the Globe in his hand,
And laugh'd at those Mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into Space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the World,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, revicw'd the globe round,
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, the India endow'd
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
 What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
 Inevitably smil'd on the spot ;
 My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
 But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Lasciviousness Freedom's destruction may bring,
 Unleas Prudence prepares its defence ;
 The Goddess of Sapience bid Iris take wing,
 And on Britons bestow'd Common-Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily gan smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred by a bounty so rare,
 Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas given ;
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
 And return it untainted to Heav'n.

SONG XX.

ORIGIN OF FACTION.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*I am, quoth Apollo, when Daphne, &c.*

IN hist'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,
 The salt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS ;
 His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
 Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurses ; old Trident declar'd,
 To embellish his offspring no pains shou'd be spar'd :
 By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
 And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King* of the *Sea* :
 Avast ! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me :
 I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads *Seamen*.
 Strong Hercules halloo'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars ?
 Why I'll make all soldiers, that *Nep.* don't make *Tars*.
 Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means ;
 He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Martines*.
 Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking ;
 Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking :

But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but **Hermes** you're bit ;
'Gainst gaming I'll tend 'em an antidote,—Wit :
In England, laugh'd **Momus**, Wit no one regards
Save that sort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Well, well, replies **Phœbus**, I'll mend their conditions,
I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them **Physicians**.
'Mong fiddlers, quoth **Momus**, *true Harmony's* scarce ;
And as to your **Doctorship**,—*Physick's a Farce*.

Says **Venus** I'll people this Island with beauties,
And tempt married men to be true to their duties.—
You to married men's duty a friend ! bawl'd out **Juno**,
You're a strumpet, you flat, and that I know and you know.

Then turning to **Jove**, who look'd pale, she began,—
I'll spoil your Olympical gift-giving plan :
Herself not consulted, she vow'd she wou'd wrong us,
Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent **Party** among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise **Juno's** rash action,
Commanded **Silenus** to seize upon **Faction** ;
Swift fitt'd the Fiend, the old Toper outsped,
Whilst **Semele's** son sent a flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground ;
May **Wine** thus for ever foul **Faction** confound :
Unanimity ! that, that's the **Toast** of our **Hearts**,
Though, to Party-men here, *Here's to all Men of Parts*.

S O N G XXI.
T H E W O R M S.
(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, *When Stricken to Ch'be made love his pretence*.
KEEP your distance, quoth king, who in lead coffin lay,
As beside him they lower'd a shroull'd old clay.
The mendicant earl replied with a sneer,
• Master monarch ! be itill, we are all equal here.

Life's miseries long I was forc'd to abide,
By the fashions fore pelted, fore peited by pride :
And tho' clad in ermine yet you've been diffidit,
Both our cares now are over,—so let us both reflit."

A committee of worms, Manor Lords of the Grave,
Overheard 'em, and wender'd to hear the dead rave;

Quoth,

Quoth the chairman,—Dare mortals presume thus to prate,
When even we maggots don't think ourselves great?

Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,
Yet are but machines mixt of aggregate earths:
They distinctions demand, with distinctions they meet,
When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

They are scurvy compounds of debauch and disease,
Putrefactions of sloth, or vice run to the lees.
By luxury's pestilence health is laid waste:
And all they can boast is,—They're poison'd in taste.

'Tis true, cries *Crawina*, the queen of the worms,
They make upon earth immense noise with their forms,
Pon onner, with beauties tho' so much I deal,
On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms,
We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;
Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,
A fine woman's features spread fatal infections.

Not a worm of good taste, and *bon ton*, I dare vouch,
A morsel of fashion-made beauties will touch.
A quality toast we imported last week.—
Two maggots, my servants, dy'd eating her cheek."

Very odd, quoth a critic, worms hold such discourse.
Very odd, quoth the author, that men should talk worse.
Like reptiles we crawl upon earth for a term,
Take wing for a while,—then descend to a worm.

Dan Pipe declares all human race to be worms;
Maids, Miller, Wives, Widows, all maggoty forms.
But of worms, and worm-feeding, no more we'll repeat,
Here's a glass, *To the dainty that's made for man's meat.*

SONG XXII.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune,—*Maggie Lauder*.

NOW we're free from College rules,
From common-place-book reason,
From trifling sylogistic schools,
And systems out of season,
Never more we'll have defin'd,
If matter thinks or thinks not,
All the matter we shall mind,
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

18 HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Metaphysic'ly to trace,
 The mind, or soul abstracted ;
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected ;
 Better souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words, and rare too.—
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too.—
 A plenum in our wine we show,
 With plus, and plus behind, sir,
 And when our cash is minus, low,
 A vacuum soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dane Tycho's error proving,
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—
 The earth round Sol is moving
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;
 With earth and sun we make no rats,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd,
 By superstition's fury ;
 Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury ;
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;
 For when we're drunk, *probatum* ;
 We're tumbling, topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, sir
 Don't let us disturb our heads,—
 We will but study two, sir.
 White and Red our glasses boast,
 Reflection, and Refraction ;
 After him we name our toast,—
 " The Center of Attraction."

On that Thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum, super stratum* ;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis nature's *Pellatum*.

Wine,

Wine, in nature's next to love ;
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 First, though, physically prove,
 That *Nunc, nunc est bibendum.*

SONG XXIII.

The MARINE MEDLEY.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

First tune,—*Come and listen to my Ditty,*
NOW safe moor'd with bowl before us,
 Mates-mates heave a hand with me,
 Lend a Brother Sailor Chorus,
 While he sings our lives at sea :
 O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
 Toss'd aloft or tumbled low,
 As to fear 'tis all a notion,
 When our time's come, we must go.

Tune,—*Life is chequer'd.*

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling
 By topsail sheets and haul-yards stand,
 Down top-gallants, down behauling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand boy, hand,
 Now set the bracer,
 Don't make wry faces,
 But let the lee top-sail sheets let go,
 Starboard here,
 Larboard there,
 Turn your quid,
 Take a swear,
 Yo ! yo ! yo !

First Tune again.

Oh, ye landmen, idly living
 All along-side Beauty's charms,
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
 Free from all but Love's alarms,
 While on billows, billows rolling,
 Death appears in every form,
 On no ladies laps we're rolling,
 No kind kiss can calm the storm.
 But loud peals, on peals are clashing,
 Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shricks ;
 In our eyes fierce lightnings flashing,
 Scorch the sails, and stench the decks.

Barling

Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
Black o'erspread the face of day,
Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High the tossing tempest heaves us,
Tow'rs the pole aloft we go,
While the clouds seem to receive us,
Dreadful yawns the gulph below.
In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
Down we sink from sight of sky,
By the swell, as instant up thrown,
Hark! what means yon dismal cry?

The fore-mast's gone, yells some sad tongue out:
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung, out
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lannyard's cut in pieces,
Come my hearts, be stout and bold,
Plumb the well, the leak encreases—
Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing
Warring waves around us foam,
For the worst, while we're preparing,
Nature sinks, and sighs for home.
There, our babes, perhaps are saying,
In their little liping strain,
At round mother's knees they're playing,
Daddy will soon come again.

Tune,—*Early one morn, a jolly young Tar.*
If we must die, why die we must,
'Tis a birth in which all must delay man.
When our debt's due, for Death won't truſt,
Then all hands be ready to pay man.
As to Life's striking its flag never fear,
Our cruise is out, that's all my brother,
In this world we've tuff'd it up, thus, and no near
So let's ship ourſelves now for another.

Tune *the first again.*
Overboard the guns be throwing,
To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
See her mizen mast is going.
On the ice beam lies the land,

Rising rocks appear before us,
Hopeless, yet for help we call,
Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now Dismay, with aspect horrid,
Swells each sleepless eye with tears ;
And Despair, with bristly forehead,
On each bloodless face appears,
Sadly still we wait the wave ! —
Th' o'erwhelming wave rolls mountain high ;
The swell comes on, our sea-green grave, —
Hark, what means yon happy cry !

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more,
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights, the rights, boys, wear off shore.
Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
We'll again lead sailors lives ;
Come, the cann boys let's be drinking
To our sweethearts, and our wives.

S O N G XXIV.
T H E D R E A M.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *Push about the brisk bowl.*

BY a whirlwind methought I through Æther was hurl'd,
Electric 'mong Spirits of Air,
Upborne by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,
And odd exhibitions spy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown,
In procession round Liberty Hall ;
Faction seiz'd her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd down,
And Folly broad grinn'd at her fall.

In weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair,
Two figures are veering about ;
So pageants we saw, and we smil'd at their glare,
As they turn'd, with the times, in and out.

The Methodists, mask'd with Hypocrisy's face,
Anathemas thunder'd aloud,
So Jack Puddings joke, with distorted grimace,
Benetting their Gudgeons, — the crowd.

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Wit and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's door,
 That Stupidity's coach might have room ;
 Debauch we saw open Temptation's bale store,
 And Disease taint Simplicity's bloom.

Stubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight,
 While Desire oppos'd Duty strong ;
 The Passions confis'd Reason's dictates were right,
 Though themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful troop towards Westminster bore,
 What wonders there are 'mong mankind ?
 In gilt chariots Lawyers paraded before,
 On foot Justice follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we saw—but respect shall withstand
 The abuse that's pour'd forth on the cloth ;
 Stock Jobbers and Statesmen we saw hand in hand,
 And Pride stood at par between both.

Cent per Cent had lain siege to Integrity's head,
 And Beauty was battering his heart ;
 East India Succ'st struck Humility dead,
 And Title took Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Usury, two sleepless hags,
 Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet united with toil ;
 Their heir Dissipation we saw at their bags,
 With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of trade,—but no longer I'll dwell,
 On either the mighty or mean ;
 From an Emperor's court to a penitent's cell,
 Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a Farce in a Fair,
 Where shew, noise, and nonsense misrule,
 Where tinsel paradiags, make Ignorance stare,
 Where he who acts best is the Fool.

SONG XXV.

TRUE BLUE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tene—*To all ye Ladies now at hand.*

THE cards were sent, the Muses came,
 'Twas Ceres gave the feast
 To Juno, Jove's majestic dame,
 Fair Hebe hail'd each guest.

With

With Phœbus, Bacchus, wit and wine,
Like man and wife, shou'd social shine.

With a fall fal, la.

Th' Olympic Dance, Minerva wife,
With graceful steps mov'd round ;
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
Her sapient temples crown'd ;
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,
Buck Bacchus caught the azure Zone.

Upon his breast the Ribbon plac'd,
By Styx, avow'd the youth,
What had the Throne of Wisdom grac'd,
Shou'd grace the Seat of Truth :
His robe he instant open threw,
And on his bosom beam'd *True Blue*.

" Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give,
In Installations show ;
What Subjects merit should receive,
Their Monarchs thow'd bestow.
This Symbol, lov'd Celestials, view,
And stamp your Sanctions on *True Blue*."

The rosy God, Urania prais'd,
The tuseful fitters join'd,
The Sov'reign of the sky was pleas'd
To constellate the Sign.
Along the Clouds, loud Psans flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*.
This order Iris bore to each,
Minerva charg'd the fair,
Where first she found out Sons of worth,
To leave the Ribbon there.
From clime to clime the searching flew,
And in Hibernia left *True Blue*.

SONG XXVI

A PASTORAL.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Despairing beside a clear stream.*

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
Brick-dust Nan she sat scratching her head,
Black matted locks frizzled her skull,
As bristles the hedge-hog bespread ;

The

The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
Her ashy bronz'd-beauties reveal'd;
A link boy to her, through the mud,
Bare-footed, flew over the field.

As vermin on vermin delight,
As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
So beggars and bunters unite,
And swine-like on dirt make a feast:
To a Hottentot oil-sals have charms,
With garbage their bosoms they deck;
She sluttishly open'd her arms,
He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,
No towels those breasts ever tease,
The other fist grip'd her stays-wanting waist,
Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease:
Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore,
Then his lower lip, charg'd to the brim,
He scoul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,
And squinting, she leer'd upon him.
" Oh, my love, thos' I cannot well jaw,"
This play-bler at play-house began,
" Nor tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,
As to kiss is the lips of my Nan :"
O ! my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,
And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs,
In a dust-hole I'll cuddle with theo,
Aye, blast me ! though bit by the bugs.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
To the south of the hemisphere lour'd
To finish love's feast in the dry,
To a stable they hastily scour'd;
While rats round them hungry explo'd,
And cobwebs their canopy grace,
Undaunted on litter they sfor'd,
Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

S O N G XXVII.
T I M E's D E F E A T.
(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune,—*Cupid sent on an Errand, &c.*

ONE evening, Good Humour, took Wit as his guest,
By Friendship invited to Gratitude's feast;
Their liquor was claret, and Love was their host,
Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While Freedom and Fancy enlarg'd the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by Love, Wit, and Wine,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
A watchman hoar'd bawling, 'Twas *past Twelve o'Clock*.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up it a's they brought the Impertinent, bound;
When drag'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the Grey-gulleton *Time* they had fer'd.

His clasp was his lantern, his scythe was his pole,
And his single lock dan'd in a own hit smooth scut;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I brought fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *past Twelve o'Clock*.

Says the venom-tooth'd Savage, on his advice see,
Tho' Nature like twelve, Folly still points to her;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurried him into a hyscled of claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,
There is nothing like Claret for killing o' Time;
Love, laughing reply'd, I am pleas'd with my bout,
He can't come and put us in hand we must part.

This intruder, rude Time, tho' a tyrant long known,
By Love, Wit and Wine can be only overthrown;
If so, stay he's wanted on any dozen,
Highway, the friend to a laugh o' wine.

Since Time is confid'd to our wine, let us think
By this rule we are free of our Time when we drink;
Honclorn, let our glasses with bumper's be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking must now be well tim'd.

SONG XXVIII.

THE JOLLY SOUL.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *Entered I am, &c.*

COME Liberty, damping, boys, but we'll be free,
The' Cure kill'd a cat, what care I?
I'll hold six to ten, only six deere to me,
Like a Soul I have liv'd, and I'll dye,

My brave boys.

They sent me to college, I didn't mind that,
To teach me to preach and to pray;
I wouldn't be humm'd, I saw what they were at,
So my eye upon all they can say.

As to pulpit palaver, why that's all a sham,

No pietcraft shall e'er do for me.

I will, or I won't, a free agent I am,

And I'll on'y believe what I see.

May lovers of chriet, aye, chriet's the thing,

To drink it without any tax ;

I don't mind the bother 'bout subject and king,

But custom free that's all I care.

If clergy, and commoners, and lords will but join,

Our national debts to pay off,

And let us free gratis have women and wine,

Why then we may do well enough.

In half-pints the Parliament-house then I'll toast,

And **GEORGE** too, upon my bare knee ;

I don't care which side, or if none rule the roost,

So I've put my fun and am free.

Eat now they're sad times, for our freedom is gone,

Since we to bumbailiffs submit ;

Bill o'Rights ! damed all bill, for the nation's undone

By that General Warrant, a **Wait**.

We must be made slaves if they don't put a flop

To lawyers, the justice, and all ;

For it in Old England we can't keep it up,

Why then, to be sure, it must fall.

When I die—but that's queer—and to think on't is dull,

So as to *this* *end*, or *that* *that* ?

Let me go where I will, if my bottle is full,

And I get but a girl, I don't care.

If Master Death should chance into my room,

They tell me, he always make free,

I'll try it I can't tip *old B.ug*, a han',

If not, why, may-hep he hums me.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to flinch,

So I cannot a sentiment give,

However, my **Soul**, while we live let us drink,

Because while we're drinking we live,

My brave boys.

SONG XXIX.

TO DRINK.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *Gafford Style.*

WHEN Prudence declaims how time paies,
 Could we tempt Mr. Chronos to stay,
 While we're bump'ring a round of our bales,
 We woud wait upon all he cou'd say.

But is it worth while
 Through books to toil,
 In troubling our heads how to think?
 Thought ne'er was desir'd
 To puzzle the mind,
 Let us only mind how we drink,

There was Solomon, one of the wise kings,
 When past it, began to complain;
 He affected at last to despise things
 Because his was labour in vain;
 But used to say,
 There's time to play,
 To labour, to love, and to think,
 Let those in their prime
 Remember the time,
 At present 'tis time we shou'd drink.

A pox on Reflection, be jolly,
 Dispassionate Cynics despise,
 Did you once know the raptures of folly,
 You never woud wish to be wise.
 I scorn the plans
 Sobriety feare,
 From bumpers I never will shrink;
 By the busy in trade,
 Be cent. per cent. made,
 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.

SONG XXX.

BARTLEME FAIR.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Now, — I am, Sir, plank'd over to-day to the pale,
 While the gentlefolks strut in their silver and taffins,
 We poor folks are traipsing in straw hats and patterns.*

As merrily Old English ballads can sing—o,
As they at their upperores out and ilk ling—o,
Calling out, bravo, encoro, and eato,
Tho' I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair—o.

Here first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving,
Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,
Pipes, trumpets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls squeaking.
My rare round and round, here's choice of fine ware—o,
Tho' all is not found told at Bartleme Fair—o.

Here are nells, hornpipe dancing, and shewing of postures;
Plum-porridge, black-puddings, and opening of oysters;
The tap-hodie gueils swearing, and gall'try folks squawling,
With salt-boxes, tolos, and mouth-pieces bawling;
Pimpes, pick-pockets, ströilers, fat ladies, sailors,
Bawds, baileys, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gunpowder-plot, Sir,
Wild Beasts all alive, and pease-porridge hot, Sir:
Fine sausages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;
The whole court of France, and nice pig on the fire,
The up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chair—o,
There are more ups and downs than at Bartleme Fair—o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;
The merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come who rides;
Wine, beer, ale, and cakers, fire-eating besides;
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
And tame men, as scholars are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things;
Our parsons, like children, are tempted by play-things;
By round and by tew, by trall and by trumpery,
The ladies of fashion, and Frenchif'd fumpery.
One is not likely, neither wotred than another,
And it's a great pity if Bartleme Fair—o.

S O N G XXXI.

T H E T O P E R.

(B. 1. A. STYL. 81.)

Air.—Shelley.

VENI of true fay, it may conyng to Clares,
Releasid from the trangle of thraling;
A foot long ago laid, we nothing cou'd know;—
The bellow knew nothing of drafing.

To pore over Plato,
 Or prattle with Cato,
 Dispassionates, don't make us;
 But men now, more wise,
 Self-denial despise,
 And live by the Iclions of Bacchus.
 Big wiz'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach;
 And loomely up the fair-paced,
 Gravely incl. to his cane, apply finger to vein,
 And count the repeat, with grimaces.
 As he holds pen in hand,
 Life and Death's at a stand,
 A toss up which party will take us;
 Away with his canary,
 No prescription we want,
 But the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus.
 We jolly join in the parties of Wine,
 What masters' midland millions are gain'd;
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mournin',
 We laugh at wealth, wenching and whining.
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,
 Toss a bottle to Time,
 He'll not make such haste to overtake us;
 His threats we prevent,
 And his cracks we cement,
 By the typical Balaam of Bacchus.
 What work there is made, by the newspaper trade,
 Of the man and other man's flatten!
 The Ins are all bid, and the Outs are all mad,
 In and Out is the cry of the nation.
 The police patter,
 Which bot's pretties chatter,
 From barking freely, don't shake us,
 With hand-spuns in hand,
 Independent we stand,
 To demand Magna Charta of Bacchus.
 Be your nation well tim'd, you're charg'd and you're prime;
 Have a care!—right and left, and make ready—
 Right hand to glass you—left lips tell the wine—
 but be in your exercit ready.
 Our levels we boast,
 When our women we tell,
 May graciously they undertake us;
 No more virgins,
 So drunk and given o'er,
 And toley to Bacchus and Bacchus;

SONG XXXII.
HERE GOES.
(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Air.—*To figher complain.*

COME, care-curing Mirth,
From Wit's bower forth,
Bring Humour, your brother, along,
Hospitality's here,
And Harmony near,
To chords scroll Sentiment's song.

In Comedy trim,
Joke, Gesture, and Whir,
With Titles will keep up the ball;
By order of Taste
We open the feast
Of Friendship in Liberty-ball.

Who'll President be?
Unanimity, see
He's order'd to sit as our host,
My Lord Common Sense,
With pains and expence,
Introduce'd him to give out the toast.

Tho' Scandal we hate,
Only Good we hold great,
Nor any for Title's sake praise;
Unworthy's that name,
No Merit can claim
But what Genealogies raise.

In this Anno Dom. we
Would Felicity see,
I'll demonstrate how easy we cou'd:
Change fault-finding elver,
To mending ourselves,
Then things might soon be as they shou'd.

Some Wives read their mates
Curtain-Lecture debates,
And wot'er they're not understand,
The Husband's perplex'd,
And the Lady is vex'd,
Can't every thing's not as it shou'd.

A Pension, or Place,
A little gift of silk, lace,

Refusal would be over-nice,
 Plumb-pudding on board,
 And prest'd by my Lord,
 Who should not come in for a slice?
 Corruption's the way,
 Opposition runs high,
 Yet we can't help laughing to see,
 Tho' Faction's so big,
 Ambo' Tory and Whig,
 In one part both Parties agree.
 For the Kingdom of Man,
 Division's the plan.
 By the laws of the Cyprian Court,
 The Ladies must yield,
 When our Standard we wield,
 And what we advance they support.
 For a Bumper I call,—
 Here's the Sov'reign of All,
 The Spring from which all honour flows,
 From thence we all came,
 So we go to that same.
 Here's to it, and to it, Here goes.

SONG XXXIII.

THE QUESTION.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*To please me the more, and to change the dull scene.*
SUPPOSE 'Twelve has struck, wherefore may all this fuss?
 Next time 'twill strike less, what are Hours to us?
 Let the Sun rule the day, and the Moon mark the night,
 Without Rules, or Schools, sure we know when we're right.
 The Int'rence from hence which I draw, out first drink,
 A Bumper's the best preparation to think,
 I infer, na' a'kin, and with me you must join,
 Life's not life without Love, Love's not Love without Wine.
 This Truth I'll maintain, thus maintaining my poft,
 And give in this bumper a Truth for my toast.—
 I'm sure to be pledg'd by each Lais-loving Youth,
 Here's a Bruiser, my Buck, to the fam'd naked Truth.
 At first we are into this world pull'd and tear'd,
 At our getting, Pappa and Mamma may be pleased,
 But as to us Babes, Nature's Multiplication,
 Begot for diversion, we're born in vein.

W.

We are Fools in-green youth, makin' 'em into Knaves,
Grey hairs turn to money, or Muffles slaves;
To our bairn from birth, palest objects of Fear,
Keep the door shut, and don't let that Scrub slip in here.

Let Hell-will an' us, Hell-poorly liv'd,
Vain-sa'ld the cry join, we join laugh 'gainst them all,
Self-denial may sermonize, Temperance tease,
We live as we use—let them live as they please.

Our Voyage is Pleasure, Hope hoist up the Sail,
Our Patriot Instinct, Desire the Gales;
To Beauty we're bound, w' the Bacchus on board,
Our Guns by Love loaded, Enjoyment's the Word.

SONG XXXIV.

A NEW ROAST BEEF
TO THE OLD TUNE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

NOW Old England's Flag is Commander in Chief,
With Menicur our Monarch turn'd o'er a new leaf,
Down, down with French Dishes, up, up with Roast Beef,
O the Roast Beef, &c.

In Flat-bottom, filly, those schemers were coaiting,
They threaten'd Invasion, but ight of their blasting,
Two Ribs of Roast Beef had they; but a Rib roasting.

While good English Beef, and good English Brown Beer,
Please our tables, and each day on our tables appear,
What more can we hope for, or what can we fear?

The Spaniards once drove, by the strength of their Guns,
To make us keep Lent, and to turn our Girls Nuns,
But we still roast our Beef, for we Lashed the Lions.

At Minorca indeed, tho' I speak it with grief,
Our Garrison fainted for want of relief,
The crew grew out of Hopes as they grew out of Beef.

But at Minden, well fed, why we there sild about,
Right and Left, Van and Rear, Foot and Horse, put to rout;
They wou'd be in our Beef—but, avall, they were out.

To plunder our Cupboards, France sent the *Bret* Fleet,
We a belly-full gave them without any meat;
They then told their Plates 'caufe they'd nothing to eat.

We

We came, saw, and conquer'd, the French biles drop,
 Louisburgh, Montreal, Martinique, Guadaloupe,
 Their towns we tol'd up, just as they twadow. Scop.
 By the strength of our beef we our bulwarks maintain,
 As Liberty's full born, and Lord of the main,
 And those deeds are witness'd by France and by Spain.

All Knights, by their title, in Heraldry share,
 Nay, Winter Romantic have filled some divine,
 But what are their Sirs to Old England's Sirs?

Let us honour this Dish, 'tis in dignity chief,
 Britannia will give it the nobled relief;
 Here's LIBERTY, — LOYALTY, — AVV, — and ROYAL Dazz.
 Give Right Beef, &c.

SONG XXXV.

NOT AS IT SHOUD BE.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune, — *If ever I might*.

A Coxcomb once said
 He had Bet's maidenhead,
 But 'twas false, as I told Mr. Wou'd-be;
 His Doctor declar'd,
 Impotency debarr'd,
 The Fribble was not as he shou'd be.

As Beauty is us'd,
 So Britannia's abus'd,
 How many loud coffee-house praters
 Will boast of the weight
 Which they have in the State,
 And *wou'd be* the Nation's Dictators.

Such creatures pretend
 They can England befriend,
 So attract or distract all about them ;
 That, *per emer*, they know
How, when, what, and all,
 And the Ministry can't do without them.

When Candidates bow,
 Patriotic they vow
 To honour, eileem, and adore us ;
 But chuse, they change soon,
 They are taught the Court Tune,
 And chant in Majority's chorus.

Reproach,

Reproach, if you please,
 May impudent tease,
 Remembrance attempt to awaken ;
 But till' answ'r is this,
 I thought things amiss,
 I really, my friend, was mistaken.
 His market is made,
 We all live by chance,
 So buy or sell, Sir,—could you whetter,
 Rich and poor 'tis the same,
 Chance-alley's the game,
 A job! a bad job altogether!
 Our animal stuff
 Is not made of bomb proof,
 When Temptation's artillery attack'd :
 At the Batt'ry's begin,
 We're betray'd from within,
 The flesh over spirit prevails.
 Corruption! — that's hard—
 But, from birth to church yard,
 What are we? but rotting, along :
 Folly moulders our clay,
 Each Vice has its day,
 But—good-night—for I've done with my song.

S O N G XXXVI.
 B E A U T Y A N D W I N E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune—*Attend all ye Fair, I'll tell you the Art.*

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began
 To prepare for her face-making duty,
 Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
 Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.
 A bottle young Semide held up to view,
 And beg'd he'd observe his direction —
 This Burgundy, dear Cytherea, will do,
 'Tis a rouge that is fine all complexion.
 Too polite to refuse him, the bummer sips,
 On his knees, the Buck beg'd she'd encore ;
 The joy-loving Goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
 Declared she would Hob Nob once more.

Out of widow each with, pastes, and powder she hurl'd,
And the God of the Grapes vow'd to join;
Shook hands sign'd and seal'd, then bid Fame tell the world,
The Union of Beauty and Wine.

SONG — XXXVII.
THE SENTIMENTAL SONG.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *Sing, Lararara, Taffall.*

DINNER o'er, and Grace taken, — 't is time to prepare,
Arrang'd right and fit, repeat of the chair,
We'll chorus our song as the o'er the green pale,
And mingle our bumpers at midnight pale.

Sing, Lararara, Taffall.

To yore lips, my convivial, — the Burgundy list,
May we never want courage to join, put to a dust —
Here's what Tho' did, and what Tho' did like hell;
What's that? — you may ask, why 'tis to be prof'd?

Ye fowlers, who eager at matin'd sing,
Don't mark the morn's low, but wind better game;
The Beauty's afoot to relieve tooth-ach'd trouble,
And the *mag'z* of *Fame's* bound *For the smile*.

To Gaine we give, — and Gaine Lassie we'll kill in, —
Here's *Lassie Lassie*, and they *all* these lasses are following;
but now 'tis *Dame's* bound *For the sport*,
For we jeffer No-sorts about Dame's Court.

At the Indians are warring, on Gario we must fall,
On outbreddle, as we lie, we'll cut thro' a Bush —
Here's *the Native Bush*, on the *Red Indian's Liver*;
Here's *Indians Bush* falling, — fall and recover.

Athimatual Gluttons eat but to eat,
They purchase rep'lation at each Table's treat,
Yore's treat — calls a dinner unknown, made dither —
Here's *Loy's Dishes*, dressed with its *first* sauce of *Kites*.

Fair befall ev'ry Lass, fair may fine Ladie fall,
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all;
The black, the brunette, and the golden-hock'd Dame —
The Lock of all Locks, and unlocking the grave.

More upright fore-knowledge that Lock is commanding,
Than all other Locks, aye, or Lock's understanding:

That

That Lock has the *C. Ret. of Cupid* within it,
So—Here's to the *Key*, Lads,—the *Critical Minute*.

Lads, pour out Libations from Bottle and Bowl,
The Mother of All Saints is drank by *Alfred*—
Here's the *Down Bed of Beauty* which upsets Man,
And beneath the *Thatched-House* the *miraculous Con.*

The *Dock-Yard* which, arriver *Great-Britain's Fleet*,
The Bookbinders' Way, manufacturing in Sheet,
The Breezin' Fiddle-Reaper, who dares undertake her,
And the *Wife of Will Whistle*—the *rest, Baker* maker.

Here's *Bathsheba's* *Cecil* where *David* feed *Cantry*;
Eve's *Culm-bush*, where *Adam* made the first *Fairy*;
The pleasant place *Water-fall* *Midst* *Bulky Park*;
The Nick makes the *Tad* *Lord*, the *Farmer's Wife's* *Mark*.
That the *Hungry* be fill'd with rich *Things* let us say;
And well pleased the *Rich* be that comes a *way*—
The *Biller's Wife's* *Magic*,—the *Loose* that *Lame* like,—
And *Fence* of the *Farmer* in *Top* of *Lore's* *Dike*.

But why from this round-about phrase must be guess'd,
What in one single syllable's better express'd;
That syllable then I may sentiment call,
So here's to *that word*, which, 'tis, *out a word for all*.

Sing Tantarara Tost all.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE DAMN'D HOTEST FELLOW.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tone,—Old Woman at Grinstead.

AS a Choice-Spirit bred so I'll chievely behave,
My Bucks, I'm, damn'd honest and free;
As to Rals., they're for Foo'; I'll be nobdy's slave;
The Minister must do for me.

If he does not, nor cannot, for that's all the same,
But leaves me to sink or to swim;
If he won't do for me, when I send in my name,
Why, damn'd then, I'll do for him.

If Grinstead did but tip me a Place, or a Post,
If I didn't clear all, I'll be curs'd,
I'll take care that nothing shall never be lost,
Of myself tho' I'll take care the first.

The

'The Government's Tools, to a Man I wou'd shifft,
Corruption's the Nation's disgrace;
The Treasury's Lord, why I'll turn him adrift,
And whip myself plump in his place.

'The National Debt I'll wet-sponge it away,
The *Banking Fund* that I wou'd drown:
And when the bold Britons have nothing to pay,
Why then all our money's our own.

As to *Scotsmen*, I'll fetch them all off, never fear,
They are jacobites all to a man;
Pray tell me what busines' have such fellows here?
I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry Clan.

They have nothing to do with our Meat and our Drink.
I grant you they're clever, but still
We're ten times as clever, if we wou'd but think,
And one time or other we will.

Like Foxes I'll hunt Presb' to him to Church,
For zooids! we'll be at 'em to day;
The Subsidy Princes I'll leave in the larch,
And Stockjobbers let in the flock.

My friends I'll provide for, and this I'll begin;—
Arch Bishop of York shall make money,—
His Pulpit I've promised to my Whippers-in,
And Lord Chancellor's Seat to my Groom.

My Grand Buck at Drunken shall Admireal be;
I've Judgement in all I design;—
He surely must prove best Commander at Sea,
Who's best at an Ocean of Wine.

Now as to Land-service, *Excise* I'll disbind,
And I'll banish the *Excise* from the land;
Ere this *Year* and *Less* no Turnpike toll land,
And I'll burn the King's *Bench* and the *rest*.

As to Smugglers, why curse on the *Crown* & *Tide*,
Of *Precious*, I'll soon make an end;
I'll hang the hell fellow I find take a bribe,
Except Lewa, a Buck—and my Friend.

So now for a *Tost*—say —what *Tost* shall we have;
Why *Liberality*—in we try more? —
And he who won't *pledge* his *fore* is a *Slave*;
And a *Slave* is a *son* of a *Whore*.

A Wife to be sure ! that's the fashion in Town,
And fashion for Wives to make free ;
But I won't be hum'd, I'll have none of my own,
What Friends have will always serve me.

So here's to the Girl who will give one a share,
But as for those Jilts who deny,
So curiously cov, tho' they've so much to spare—
But drink, brother Bucks, for I'm dry.

SONG XXXIX.

LIBERTY-HALL.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Derry down.*

OLD Homer ! but with him what have we to do ?
What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you ?
Such Heathen fables do no more I'll invoke,
Choice Spirits, assist me, attend, Hearts of Oak.

Derry down.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of Science and Art,
Unanimity, take your Positioner's part ;
Accept of my Song, 'tis the best I can do—
But first, may it please ye—my service to you.

Perhaps my Address you may premature think,
Because I have intitul'd no Toast as I drink,
'tis a very fine Toast, but the best of 'em all
Is the Toast of the Time ; that is *Liberty-Hall.*

What the British building, by Alfred was fram'd,
The grand corner-stone Magna-Charta is nam'd,
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And so mid the stout pillars of *Liberty-Hall.*

This Manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their sons, and their sons' sons, have prov'd the deed
good ;

By this title we'll sit, with that title we'll fall,
For like it not like out of *Liberty-Hall.*

In mantle of honour, each sun-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold,
Truth beats on her breast, too, at Loyalty's call,
The Genius of England in *Liberty-Hall.*

Ye sweet smiling Courtlings of riband and lace,
The spaniels of Power, and Bounty's disgrace,
So happy, so festive, so pale ye fall,
'Twas Palice-obedience toll *Liberty-Hall*.

But when Revolution had settled the crown,
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No trowns cloth'd with Terror arm'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty-Hall*.

See England triumphant, her ship sweep the sea,
Her Standard is *Justice*, her watch-word *be free*;
Our King is our Countryman, Englishmen we,
God bless us right, an' bless us, in *Liberty-Hall*.

On were is des All—Men of the right to know,
'Tis neither at Main, we're here, *For Liberty-Hall*.

'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,

For LIBERTY-HALL is an Englishman's Master.

Down, down.

SONG XI.

THE HUMBUGG.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*The man who is drunk is void of all care.*

THAT Living's a joke, *Johnny Gay* thy creed,
Fall de rull, tell hell,
In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest;

Fall de rull, &c.

A load of conceit, a long life we are juggling,
Which some are Hambugg'd by, and some are Hambuzzing.

Fall de rull, &c.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,
Bows round to the levee, and ogle's His Grace;
Then whistles his friend, "Sir, depend on my word,"—
But if you depend, you're Hambugg'd by the Lord.

Says Patty the prude, and she will frown her fan.—

"Me marry! What? Let to bed to a nipp?"

"I detest all male creatures! 'tis God!—I f'g' swoon!"
She did—and was brought to bed, saith, before noon!

To London I'll sent her, when bloom was her gild,
Invite her Maidenhead there she maintain'd;
For a Virgin was she, the fairest how to be named,
So gain'd a good Husband, her Husband a *hus*.

Miss nicely observ'd, "wastly vulgar" this word,
"Immodestly indecent, mortifying abominable"
Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself sang,
You call'd—without loving—wife's all a humbug.

The wifey Wife often, too often I fear,
Tries words to be facts when she call her Spouse Deers;
And enjoys the sweet cheat as doth pleasure the fings,
How cunningly now the her Cuckold humbug !

But Husband at home, as few marry'd men will,

Fal de ral, till till.

To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish.

Tell de ral, &c.

Makes a meal on her Maid, the fair pull'ly known' ;
A little late'ed, call'd the *Lee Fal'ee*.

Fal de ral, &c.

S O N G X L.

D O T H E S A M E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*How Few* ²

MARK Antony gave up the world for a Girl,
And he who would not do the like is a Churl.
Do like you see that's the Thing,—do not think me to blame
If a bumper I drink, will not you *do the same*?

But what do you think that I mean by all this?
Why Evil to them who imagine amiss.
Hit or miss, Luck is alib; are the Lucky to blame?
No no, do but win—we would all *do the same*.

The daint-sed Dame, in unpinn'd dishabille,
To the Swain of her fings upon tiptoe will be it,
Voluptuously welcomes the knife-piercing kiss,
And ivy-sph'ered Soul to the dangerous life.
With foolish, when merriment betray her delight,
The willing loves play thro' the till of the night,
A little Thrilling they kept Time and Tune,
A lone match shone, in pale splendor, the Moon.
Lady Lucia down looking, the lascivious scene sees,
With envy her beam, blushing, from silver top'd trees;
In a cloud veil her face, crying out, "sic for shame,"
to End, when drives off,—and with him *do the same*.

Mrs. Heywood's Honour, the Ton of the Time,
To lay on our Neighbours the Load of our Crimes;

The

The failings of friends we to Slander proclaim,
But sink our own flannings,—won't you *do the same?*
Reason ne'er had the head-ach, no trash he'll approve;
Reason ne'er had the heart-ach—he ne'er was in love.
But poor honest Balaam, he's always to Blame,
For he'll drink and he'll love, and—why we *do the same.*

My Country! my Country! that phrase can not fail;
'Tis the Brit Voter's bite at the Tub for the Whale;
Distinction, on each side, is only a name;
For this side, and that side,—both sides *do the same.*

Let us, without blushing or this side or that,
Only keep to our own side, and mind what we're at.
I woud be at something, but what, I won't name,
Yet to boast it I'll teach you, and drink to *the same.*

Your sentiment, Decency, give it to me,—
The Quaker's Address. Friend, I drink unto thee.
So here's to t', and to t'ace; and pray who's to blame?
Why him—can you find him? who won't *do the same.*

SONG XLII.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Willie Waggon*, and from *Albion's Stars.*

YE hardy sons of Honour's Land,
Where *Ferdin. Mac-qua Charra* plann'd
Ye forreigns of the tea;
On ev'ry shore where alt takes rote,
From East to West, from Pole to Pole,
Fair Conqu'rt celebrate your name,
Witness aloud by wond'ring Fame,
When! when will you be free?

Mistake me not, my Hearts of Oak,
I born with LIBERTY to like,
Ye forreigns of the tea;
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,
But sing an Independent Song,—
Since masters must be withitlood,
And Patriots are but flesh and blood,
I dare with both be free.

While Orange told tale from scribbler's pen,
Disturb the head of honest men,
Ye forreigns of the tea;

49 HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

The train of temporizing slaves,
Who earn their daily bread as knaves,
Heedless which tide may rise or fall,
The Ready Money—that's their All.

Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,
And jolly join—*God save the King,*

Ye sovereigns of the sea;

As Honest Instinct point the way
Our KING, our COUNTRY, we obey;
Yet pay to neither side our court,
But LIBERTY in both support.

A Men who shou'd be free.

Alas, uphold your Church and State,
See Great Men Good, and Good Men great;

Ye sovereigns of the sea,

Shun Party, that un'selcome guest,
No tenant for a Baron's breast.
Forget, forgive, in Faction's spite,
Awe all abroad, at home unite.

Then, then, my Friends, you're free.

Ye Sovereigns of wide Ocean's waves,
To Heroes long enthrall'd in Graves,

A Rejoice! let us sing;

Ed'rd, Henry, Edward name,—
Then William, our Deliverer came;—
May future Ages Grunswicke own,
Imperial Heir to England's Throne,

So here! GOD SAVE THE KING.

S O N G XLIII.

D M I N I S T R A T I O N.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

There,—in that Mirror back behind,

See this temper, Bess, be gay,
I wear all imposition;
I am full press'd my toast you may,
In Courtship's condition,
With a two part, close embrac'd,
And separation another,
He is upright in his place,
And I com'right is the other.

Wheeler

Whether 'tis to rise or fall,
Yet still his time improving,
In the Cockpit at Whitehall
The butt of meature moving;
Outs will sometimes Ins become,
Twixt both sides bold he ventures,
Pushing things with vigour home,
Administration enters.

Certain of a strong support,
Each op'ning he embraces,
All the time he flays at court
His friends preferve their places,
The Members he depends upon,
When plac'd in proper station,
The Star above the Garter won
At Beauty's Installation.

In Love and State exact the same,
Repealing Mankind's wishes,
All, the Cupboard's Key would gain
To plunder Loaves and Fishes.
Placemen England have disgrac'd,
The daily papers tell us,
Howsoe'er you have men plac'd
Non Placets will be jealous.

Ministers may Places fill,
I buy none, nor am selling,
A Thatch'd Houle underneath the Hill
Is what I chuse to dwell in.
Tho' it has no high-rais'd roof,
Yet prospects can command, it;
Not so low, but room enough
For me upright to stand in,
On the Hill, along the Dale,
I sometimes turn a rover,
Then within the Molt Vale
I slyly creep to Cover.
There's the spot, and that's the spot
'Tis Pleasure's wild Plantation,
Left the toart should be forgot—
Here's *Love's Alsatian*.

SONG XLIV.

BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Since Artists will sue for the Triplet of Fame***D**RAW the Cork, the Cloth's drawn,—a Toast to the
King,I presume it is meet, after meat we shoud sing,
For thus prescribes Galen;—“ Life's Health to prolong,
“ Take Dinner's digestives, a Glass, and a Song.”
To him the Diplomists their judgment resign,
So hat mixturam, 'tis Music and Wine.Old Homer, who, Shakespeare-like, all Nature knew,
Does honour to Beef, and to Beef-eaters too;
He sings, that the Greeks, by whom Troy Town was fell'd,
In fighting and eating, all Nations excell'd,
And he, for the Day, who was Hero in Chief,
Had a Double Proportion, or Premium of Beef.It was Cæus (some say) tho' that's not Orthodox,
'Twas Milo of Croton that knock'd down an Ox;
He invited all friends to his Beef-eating Wake,
But first, on the Turf Altar, he offer'd a Steak.
The Ætherials regald on the odour that rose,
Says Epicure Jove, such a Club we'll compete.Then call'd out for Vulcan, the God limping, came,
And, ogling behind him, attended his Dame;
Each Deity seem'd more inclin'd to her Metts,
Than to dine on the best dish Olympus cou'd dress.
Jove flante proclaims, his cu'l' awfully shakest,
And on Ida establish'd a Club of Beef-steaks.When Juno, that instant a female peal rung,
In Jove's mind the Bowl took, the Toast dy'd on his tongue,
But commandind a Cloud, like a Curtain to fold,
He embray'd her within it, and silenc'd the Scold.
In practice, ye Husbands, put Jupiter's plan,
And keep your Wives quiet—at well as you can,

SONG. XIV.

JACK-TAR'S SONG.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *A Bunting we will go*.

COME Puffie, puffie, drink about,
 And let us merrily be,
 Our Can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all Hands to Sea. *And a Sailing we will go.*

Fine Mif at Pancake School in August,
 The Minnet is tood,
 But we go better when we're bring it,
 The Fore Tack to Cal Hatch.

The Jockey call'd to H'tie, to H'tie,
 And smartly ride the Race,
 But wittier far we shape our course,
 When we are giving Chase.

When Horn and Shout the Foreshead,
 His Pack the Huntsman cheers,
 As loud we hollow when we lend
 A Broadside to Monarchs.

The What-their-name, of Uproars squall,
 With music fine and soft,
 But better sound our Beattruin's Call,
 All H'eady, all Hands aloft!

With Gold and Silver Streamer fine
 The Ensign Rises to the view,
 But grand like never Underquin,
 When H'eady, hands we tow.

With all out of 'em we stand on Shore,
 And Scream to all our Voices,
 And then, in full, half sail for more,
 That pulls the Bally line.

And a Sailing we will go.

SONG XLVI.

F R E E D O M.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune.—*Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

COME, Neighbours, Neighbours, drink abouts
Have come with Party pothei,
Lift not, ye Ladies, to Uponar's rout,

On one side or on t'other,
The Winners laugh, the Losers groan,
Thus Faction ever dins, Sirs,
Infinity tells Folly's tale,

The Outs will at the Ins Sirs,

Oh, Common Sense! come more defend
To save this Land from sinking;
Be once again Britannia's friend,
And let her loose to thinking!
No more by Knavey let us be school'd,
But teach us how to read 'em,
Nor let well-meaning Men be fool'd
By Privilege and Freedom.

Where's Freedom?—point out how and where
We have enjoy'd that Bounty?

When Magna Charta—aye, Ainen,—
But tell me where's her County?
“ Why where our Property's secur'd,
“ Where Liberty pothei?”
Then, Brother Britons, be assur'd
The Game Act is a Blessing.

Lov'd Liberty! Eccellial Maid!
Which way shall we address thee?

You're England's Genius, it is said,
And England's power then
We boast too much about the Fair,
For, me say, it's we that are,
I would not have you, Friends, despair—
But, then, I can't tell you,

Like Humble's Ghost “I was here! 'tis gone!”
And only to be grieved at;
As Maidenhead, when lost and won,
Are what the winners left at.

In vain the Goddess opes her arms,
No more her arms we're wading;
Lasciviousness has Harlot's charms,
Which tempt to our undoing.

Wit, Beauty, Sciences, and Art,
Are all become dependant;
We're neither men in Heids nor Heart,
We're Slaves, and there's an end on't.
It was, and ever will be so,
Each lett'd to some Folly;
And, all the Liberty we know,
Is — drink! and let's be jolly.

SONG XLVII.

HONOUR.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *Confusion to him who a Bumper denies.*

OUR Reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon repos;
The Decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we should go;
A Coach did you say? No! I'm fitter and strong,
Waiter! call me a Link-boy, ne'er light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—
Your Honour! poor Jack, Sir, your Honour Jack knows.
For the sake of the pence thus he'll honour me on,
Gold Duit it was the Race ground where all Honour's won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked Objects here lie,
Thou huddled in heaps?—Good your Honour! they cry;
To poor creatures, your Honour, some charity spare;
Honour's private is Necessity's common-place prayer.

Young, perishing Out-calls thus nightly are found,
No Parishes care, they're too poor to be ov'n'd,
For us, in these times, wou'd be laughed to scorn,
Who diff'res wou'd abh'it, yet expect no Return.

With Cou tier-like bowing the Shoe cleaner's call,
And offer their Brush, Stool and shining Black Ball;
Japanning your Honour, there Cobbling's plain,
And, really, some Honours may want a Japin.

To varnish the Table is,—as eas'd from dust,
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
Nay, some Ladies Faces are colou'd like Blinds,
While mea use japanning which masquerade's made.

Of Honour, of Freedom, yet England can boast,
And Honour and Freedom's an Englishman's boast ;
May Infamy ever Detractors atten' !
But Honours crown those who our Honour defend.

SONG XLVIII.
F O O L S - H A L L.
(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *The Sun in Virgin Lyre flows,*

OLD Homer nodded long ago,
And modern Birds oft sleep we know ;
They done to dream, and dream to write,
'Twas thus with me the other night.
Sleeping by all somnacious rules,
Me thought 'twas in the Hall of Fools ;
Mere properly the place to eat,
The Learned say, it was *Fools-Hall*.

There Billinggate, with front of brafs,
And Faction, rock on braying aye,
While scurril' Banter leer'd along,
With face bafion, and loll'd-out tongue.
Riot there, with mouth stretch'd wide,
On a Charkard' at a side ;
Spaniel jewelled' of the Ball,
And Nonentity echo'd round *Fools-Hall*.
Credulity, the dupe of yes,
Stupidity in Twight's circuitry,
Dulness, or na in load and cowl,
Solemn as the Bridgfield owl,
Quirk and Quaintness hang in hand,
In Lawyer's gown, and Doctor's bind,
On these Pruds we look'd there all, —
While Scandal was at *Fools-Hall*.

Birds Sing, arm'd with white and black,
To sing of folly, to be in black,
With bairds and flocks in blood nest,
And P. list to see 'Sark in wire's teat,
They Peck'd at a costly nest,
With sharp beak'd up before his eyes
First, his portion we could not see,
The hope to up with in *Fools-Hall*,
With Vanity bind Zeal to a child ;
Honesty by their profit dev'd,
Friend, play-like, Suspicion led,
But hoodwink'd, to Impudence led.

Miss Allegation made the rout,
Debauch the sick'ning feast set out;
While Doctors waited Symptom's call,
Disease's vapours fill'd *Fools-Hall*.
The stupid Heirs of much-muck'd land,
With wheezing Gluttons throng'd the Strand;
Great sport they hop'd, they long'd to see,
Heedless what viciss 'twas to be.
But wealthy Dunces joke the bell
On Merit, when 'tis most diff'rent'd;
White Sots, while Coxcombs great and small
Paraded, gazing, round *Fools-Hall*.

Plain Truth appear'd, but at the sight
They shriek'd, they cou'd not bear the sight;
The Cry constrain'd him in the Stocks,
And Virtue prov'd not orthodox.
Honour the parish pats'd away,
And Wit was gagg'd for Folly's play,
Deserted Beauty, mock'd by all,
The Beadle's whip drove from *Fools-Hall*.

O'erwhelm'd with what I saw, I wept,
And, happily, no longer slept;
Malice, methought, had 'ipy'd my tears,
Exposing me to Party's furies,
Who his'd, and shov'd me thro' the throng;
I 'woke, as I was dragg'd along,—
Here's Women, Wine, and Health to all,
Who scorn the crowds that fill *Fools-Hall*.

SONG XLIX.

POLITICS.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*Tis a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps it is ten.*

AS an Englishman ought, I will well to my King,
As an Englishman ought, for my Country I'll sing,
And my mind I will tell, 'tis a kingdom to me,
By his birthright a Briton dare think and speak free.

My Hearts of Oak, stoutly you call out for Freedom,
And Liberty, Property,—really we need 'em;
But don't, quite so loud, against Liberty exclaim,
Rogues will buy,—but who sells, Sirs? then pray who's to blame?

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Ye noise-making, fash-breaking, Lacqueys of Factions,
 Ye insane Disturbers, who're bit by Distractions,
 Think what you're about, when the loudest you bawl,
 Not a man that you're mad for but laughs at ye all.

Who Patriots were once now are Patriots no more,
 And what has been, certainly may be, encore ;
 Nay, have not some Bustlers confess'd their intentions ?
 They open'd their mouths untill Mum popp'd in Pensions.

To be wise is the word ; how that word comes about
 Is,—the wise are those in, and the otherwise out ;
 So small's the distinction betwixt one another,
 When Outs become Ins, then they're wiser than t'other.

The World has, without one exception, a Rule,
 The rich Man's a wise Man, the poor Man's a Fool ;
 And foolish he is, faith, since Money's the test,
 Who attempts not to get what will get all the rest.

Attend and depend thro' the year, so you may,
 And begin, waste and end the next just the same way ;
 As to promise on promise such schemes I condemn ;
 Folks will not serve us unless we can serve them.

Let us now serve ourselves, fill our Glasses, all high,
 We'll laugh when we're pleas'd, and we'll drink when we're
 dry ;
 And we'll drink the King's Health, 'tis the best Toast of all—
 Here's our Lord of the Manor in Liberty-Hall.

SONG L.

THE NORFOLK FARMER.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*I'm marry'd, and happy, with wonder hear this.*

WHEN the early Cock crows at the Day's dappled dawn,
 And soaring Lark thro' the air trills,
 Ere yet the warm Sun drinks the dews from the lawn,
 Or vapours uncover the hills ;
 While Ploughmen are whistling, as furrows they turn,
 And Shepherds releasing their care,
 I rise to unkennel, at sound of the Horn,
 Or course, with my Greyhounds, the Hare.

LOYAL SONGS.

In Spring-time observing my Husbandmen sow,
Then see how my Yearlings go on ;
Sometimes, riding round, mark my Turnip-men hot,
Or in Barn what my Threshers have done.
At home with the Parson, 'bout Markets I prate.
His Tythes, tho' I never delay ;
We properly each shou'd maintain in his state,
The Vineyard-man's worthy his pay.

My Milk-maids, at morn and eve, Dairy-cows pref.,
For custards, cream, puddings, and cheese ;
My Daughters keep market in neat but plain dres,
And Dame too—but 'tis when she'll please.
We never for Master or Mistresship strive,
But Man and Wife's Lot share and share ;
As Gratitude tells us, in Friendship we live,
Do so, ye Crim. Cons. if ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good Woman bred,
My Garden gives Roots for my Health,
For London my Bullocks on best fodder fed,
Yet pinch not the Poor for my Wealth.
I've plenty of Game in my copses and woods,
My Flock on its Thyme feeding thrives ;
With Fishes well stor'd are my ponds and my floods,
And Honey from yon' row of hives.

What grateful Return is to industry made ?
What Reward have the Bees for their Toil ?
We boast of our Rights, yet, their Rights we invade,
And seize on their Labours as Spoil.
But Justice to Power is only a name,
Great Fishes devour the small ;
Great Birds, and great Beasts, and great Men do the same,
'Till Death, the grand Robber, robs all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says Grace after Meat,
While Welcome attends at my board ;
No Outlandish Mixture disguises my treat,
My Wine my own Orchards afford.
With a Glass in my Hand, to Church, Country, and King,
I drink as a Subject shou'd do ;
Perhaps my Dame smiles, then one Song I must sing,
So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

SONG LI.

THE BOTTLE.

Tune, — *On a Time I was great, now little am grown.*

PUSH the Bottle about, name the Toast, and away,

With Wine be our Sentiments flowing;

We idly grow old while we drinking delay,

Be merry, my Bucks, and keep doing.

Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,

'Tis a Trouble to talk, 'tis a Trouble to think,

'Tis a trouble—no, no! — 'tis a Pleasure to drink.

Prithee ring, we must have t'other Bottle.

Our Clasic is Bacchus, his Volumes prefer,

To all that's in old Aritotle;

But why, with quotations, shou'd we make a stir?

We'll stir about briskly the Bottle.

A Fool once to find how the World cou'd go round,

Leap'd into the deep where the puppy was drown'd,

But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,

Such wonders are work'd by a Bottle.

The Sportsman arous'd when the Horn harks away,

Shrill echo Tantwivv repeating,

His warm wishing Wife clings around him to stay,

But shouts put to silence entreating.

Yet what is his Chace to the Chace that we boast?

So, ho! here's a Bumper, hark, hark! to the Toast.

Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent shou'd be lost,

And we're cast in the Chace of a Bottle.

Let Heroes or Neros run mad after Fame,

We're charg'd and rang'd ready for battle;

Let Placemen perplex, and let Patriots declaim,

Let both be insulg'd in their prattle;

But Preachers o'er Liquor we always confute,

Without 'tis the Toast, at our meetings we're mute,

For what, without Wine, can be worth a dispute,

Except 'tis a Short-measure Bottle.

Shou'd Sicknes with sadd'ning Captivity join,

The Ancients I'll equal in thinking;

But all my Philosophy shou'd be my Wine,

Despair I defy when I'm drinking.

Stood Death like a Drawer to wait on me home,

Or, Bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,

I'd try for one moment to tip him a Blum,

While I bumper'd the last of my Bottle.

SONG

SONG LII.
M Y N O S E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*An Ajs, an Ajs.*

WHILE people call'd Poets, in Blank Verse, or Rhime
Pindaries or Epics compose,
And celebrate Heroes in Sonnets sublime,
My subject is, simply,—my Nose.

The large Nose and long one, thereby hangs a Tale,
A Tail the old Scholastics suppose ;
Ex noscitur Naso—but Proverbs may fail,
I find it, in faith, by my Nose.

The boys of Conceit blushing Merit deride,
For Coxcombs are Modesty's foes ?
I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride
To move such a muscular Nose.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our Animal Clay,
For quick'ning to Æther he rose ;
I fear that some 'Prentice, when he was away,
A little aside shov'd my Nose.

I presume,—but perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,
I even presume to suppose,
I shou'd set myself up in the Song-singing Way,
When I ought to l^t down with my Nose.

My Song therefore ends, now a Toast with your leave—
May Wisdom our Councils compote,
May Britons be Friends, and forget and forgive,
And at Faction each turn up his Nose.

SONG LIII.
S E R I O S I T Y.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*This cold flinty Heart it is you who hate warm'd.*

WHITE Winter has left us, with all its chill train,
And fruitful Spring puts forth its buds o'er the plain ;
The Birds their glad welcome by warblines express,
All Nature seems pleas'd at the change of her dress.

Let us take example, and merrily sing,
 Each moment at Midnight t' us is new Spring ;
 Our green cover'd Table, a Garden for Souls ;
 Our Nogays are Bumpers we gather from Bowls.

With Daffies, with King cups, the meadows are crown'd,
 But Blottoms from Bacchus our Verdure surround ;
 'Tis Life — and such Life too, which only Bucks know,
 As for Death we can talk about him when we go.

When confid'd, no matter to us all the fun,
 The faint things we've laid, or the droil things we've done ;
 Future Fame's all a joke — I'm for Life's present treat,
 What's to come may be queer, for To-morrow's a Cheat.

'Tis certain that, one by one, all must resign
 The poit of true pleasure, Health, Women, and Wine.
 Think, Ladies, what Life is, and Living improve,
 To bilk the bate worms, bellow Beauty on Love.

As we ought, we reflect on Life's pleasure and pain,
 We have liv'd, drank, and lov'd, we'll repeat them again.
 While Desires depend on Abilities aid —
 But Faculty's failings, here Sexton, your spade.

I have acted from Instinct, I've liv'd upon Whim,
 A- to Prudence — I can't say I e'er drank with him ;
 With the Sun tho' I've drove round the Bott.e in Tune,
 And have labour'd all Night with Queen Mowrite the Moon.

As to sins — why, Repentance will shorten our score,
 The lowest have hopes, and the highest no more ;
 We speak as we feel, and we act as we think,
 And to Men of such Methods a Bumper we'll drink.

Here's to those who, like us, Affectionates defy,
 Not Spendthrifts of life, nor like Mites wou'd dye.
 When call'd on to pay, calm y cast up expence,
 And drink their last Toalt — A good Journey from hence.

SONG LIV.

THE FUNERAL.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — Come, ye careless, come and hear me.

SEE the Pail supporting Bearers,
 All in Undertaker's shew ;
 See the train of Sable-wearers,
 Acting ev'ry Mode of woe.

Silent

Silent crowds the spot surrounding,
Cal'd the Grand Receiver's Dome;
Dim tolling Tenor sounding,
Follow Mortals, follow Horne.

Lift ! oh lift ! ye States Declaimers,
On whose words the many dwell;
Place-bellowing, Patriot tamers,
Hark ! oh hark ! 'tis Grandeur's Knell.
Heralds loud proclaim the Honours
Which this once puissant palt;
Tell his Titles, count his Manors,
Lord of ony this at laft.

View the Tomb with Sculpture splendid,
View the Sod with Briars bound;
There the Farce of Finery's ended,
All are equal under ground.
Fashions there, there Envy & banish'd,
Beauties there can plead no forms;
There Precedencies are vanish'd,
Offals all to odious worms.

Wife folks, weak ones, poor, and wealthy,
Tenant unremitting Graves;
Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,
Britain's sons, and Afia's slaves.
Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,
Meet the moment, come what may;
If we're all to dye To morrow,
Let us live, my Lads, To-day.

We'll not lavish Life's expences,
Nor be Niggards when we pay;
Let us please, not pall our Senses,
This is Reason's holiday.
Here, to Dances bid defiance,
Affection's disapprove,
Here's my Toast,—The grand alliance,
Friendship, Freedom, Wit, and Love.

SONG LV.

THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*Had pretty Nisi been at a Dancing-School bred.*
THO' a Cobler is call'd out a low occupation,
The practice of cobbling is come into fashion,
From me up to those who wou'd cobble the nation.

Some

Some say that Old England wants heel-piecing, true,
Our Country is trod upon like an old Shoe,
And may Heel-pieces want, aye, and Head-pieces too.

One, vamping our old Constitution pretends,
And turn and translate is to serve self and friends,
All this is but botching to serve their own Ends.

Each Roof in this Island with Liberty rings,
The Good of their Country each Party-man sings,
The Sense of that Phrase is,—My Country's good Thing.

If I, but how shou'd I the State have a hand in?
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,
And then we shou'd come to a right understanding.

Against Want the cunning man wisely provides,
A Storm shunning the herd beneath a hush hides,
So as the Times change we are sure to change Sides.

With my Awl in my hand I'll Old England defend,
Giving room to my betters who've much room to mend,
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those that are heedless what here may mishap,
Their hearts are as hard as the Stone in my lap,
They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was my Strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,
Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,
It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my Last I am come, and that shall not last long,
So that is the last of a poor Cobler's Song,
May they now be right who till now have been wrong.

SONG LVI.

T H E H U M.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the—Stay!
What business have I an old Song to impart,
When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,
When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?
 What best will my bad voice become?
Why faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,
 That life is, alas! but a Hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they dye,
 At death the most happy look glum;
At our entrance and exit we equally cry,
 Which proves our life's plainly a Hum.

Law and Physic you see will make sure of the fee,
 What advice to you gratis will come;
 If poor, you are lost, tho' merit you boast,
 For Wealth without Wealth is a Hum.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,
 And vow to your service they'll come;
But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,
 Modern Friendship is merely a Hum.

When some Ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,
 (But let us be modest and mum)
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,
 Religion with them is a Hum.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd into earth,
 To an end of our jokes then we come:
Take your glais, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,
 And thus make the most of a Hum, a Hum,
 And let's make the most of a Hum.

S O N G L V I I.
 T H E P O I N T.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—I will tell you what, Friend.

SINCE at last I am FREE,
 Contented I'll be,
 O'er briars barefooted to go;
 Or lost in the rain,
 Upon Sal'sbury plain,
 Or lost without cloaths in the snow.
 Or if I should perch
 On top of Paul's church,
The hottest day, just about noon,
 Afride the crois fat,
 Without hood, or hat,
 I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For

For now I am *FREE*,
 No low spirits for me,
 I laugh at all crosses I find ;
 I think as I please,
 And reflect at my ease,
 For Liberty lies in the mind.

To my Fancy I live,
 And what Fancy can give,
 I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream ;
 Observe the world through,
 Do others pursue
 Aught else than a fanciful scheme ?

Some fancy the Court,
 Some fancy Field-sport,
 The chase of a Beauty, some chuse ;
 The Topers with Wine,
 The Misers with Coin,
 And Poets are pleas'd with their Muse.

Lu Mancha's mad Knight,
 With Wind-mills wou'd fight,
 Like him our attempts are a jest ;
 With envy insane,
 And with projects so vain,
 Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This Extravagancy
 On Folly or Fancy,
 Appears to be rather too long ;
 With something that's shrewd,
 I wish to conclude,
 And make this an Epigram Song.

In a Point it must end,
 On a Point I depend,
 And like a staunch Pointer I'll stand ;
 I appoint you to sing,
 I appoint you to ring,
 And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

SONG LVIII
 TOM O' BEDLAM.
 (By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Young Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunette.*
BARE-FOOT and Head-bare, his blanket tight skewer'd,
 Tom o' Bedlam paraded, erect as my Lord ; The

The boys left their play, at his raggedness scar'd,
 The mob pity struck, at his misery star'd.
 Girls laugh'd, and the fops, fashion-form'd for the day,
 Shrill screaming on tiptoe stole trembling away ;
 While infants crept close, in their mothers arms hid,
 Tom, Beauty-like, mov'd, heedless what harm he did.

“ Where's the Devil ? ” quoth Tom “ where's the Devil I say ?
 Good folks, have you not seen the Devil to day ? ”
 A Brother, just cur'd, cries—“ Where Old Nick does
 dwell,
 Come hither, I'll shew you ; look there is his Hell.
 Behold those round Pillars with Ram's-horns on top,
 A Palace some call it, I say 'tis his shop.
 Attendance, Dependance, there move round and round,
 And where such a dance is, the dainn'd must be found.

The Fiend of Revenge, this vile torment made out,
 Twixt Hope and Despair, to hang souls up in doubt.
 Expectation indeed may fill Vanity's head,
 But poor must we live when by Promises fed.
 I honour the Great, who dare greatly behave,
 I dissent not from Pique, nor assent as a Slave,
 For Englishmen scorn base earn'd bread to receive.”
 Such a damn'd life, quoth Tom, I'll be damn'd if I live.

That moment a Methodist came to the place,
 Hair tuck'd behind ears, and Zeal's cant on his face ;
 He threaten'd, he groan'd, he grimac'd and he whin'd,
 The mad fellows mounted and seiz'd him behind.
 The multitude question'd why he was us'd thus ;
 He has broke out, quoth Tom,—he's, you see, one of us.
 To their Hospital dragg'd him, he there was unloos'd,
 Tom cry'd out—At Bedlam is madness refus'd ?

His Comate reply'd—Brother Tom, do not fret,
 The world only works now for what it can get ;
 Such sad objects as we are, it cares not about,
 What has Interest to do, with us two, in or out ?
 But this a Decoy Duck, who brings in great gains,
 And tunnels his hearers by turning their brains.
 If he's stopp'd, folks will follow some mischief as bad,
 For one way or other, the world will be mad.

Here's a bumper, my boys, may we still find the way,
 To speak what we know, and to know what we say.
 Ye big wigs of Gresham, some Nostrum compound,
 To keep our Heads clear and preserve our Hearts sound.

May Greatness and Goodness as partners agree,
 May our sons, like ourselves, social sing, WE ARE FREE!
 And may we, self conscious, presumption despise,
 Nor e'er be so mad as to think ourselves wise.

SONG LIX.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*To take in good part the soft squeeze, &c.*

THREE is one thing, my friends, I must offer to you,
 'Tis, Give to Old Nick, what to Old Nick is due;
 What he owes to us, I can venture to say,
 Like a Daemon of Rank, upon Honour he'll pay.

Tho' you smile at my system, and sneer at my song,
 His Worship's allow'd to be Prince of Bon Ton;
 Now thus lies the bus'ness, Sirs, as we're polite,
 And practise good manners, pray what is his right?

The Devil is in you's a phrase daily us'd,
 Yet oft, by such language, the Devil's abus'd.
 Tho' some hollow hearts may have much room to spare,
 The Devil himself would not chuse to dwell there.

Some people ass't with this world to be sick,
 And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick;
 Devil fetch me! they cry, but if Satan they knew,
 His Honour has much better bus'ness to do.

Tho' of darkness he's king, he's a prince of the air,
 And with his Infernals we shou'd deal fair;
 The cheerful day's rul'd by the Angel of Light,
 And the Devil (Lord bles' us) is Monarch of Night.

His torturing spirits around him await,
 As w'itchmen attend on the constable's slate;
 Those imps of authority fall in shoals,
 And pennylets shrumpets drag in as damn'd souls.

The hell upon earth, and life's dev'lish disease,
 Is povertyunning, and feiz'd on for fees;
 Deep in darkness, that drots we call money was hid,
 A proof that the use on't to us was for bid.

But Pluto, the Devil's old heathenish name,
 Brought it forth from below, as a varnish for shame.
 Persuasion, Temptation, attended the gold,
 'Till all have been bid for, and few are unsold.

We

We are Dev'lishly odd, in a Dev'lish odd way,
Since bribe as bribe can there's the Devil to pay ;
The Devil of Party makes damnable rout,
Tho' the Devil a bit can we tell what about.

May Satan seize those who by purchase deceive,
May they take the same road who such things receive ;
But may we preserve HONEST Men, tho' they're few,
Export all the rest, give the Devil his due.

SONG LX.

Tune, — *A Cobler there was.*

ALL you that have heard of the Sign of the F—x,
In Great Br—w—r's Street, there's a Lodge of queer
Bucks,
Who're rul'd by a Grand of exceeding fine Parts,
Who chatters sweet Nothings, yet wins all their Hearts.
Derry, Down, Down, &c.

At mighty Expence, as himself hath declar'd,
(For neither Expences, nor Pains has he spir'd)
He has brought this good Lodge to almost Perfection,
For which they have made him their Grand by Election.

Like an Idol, he's plac'd, while his Proselytes, they
Must grin their Applause unto all he can say ;
Like the Cub in the Fable, when he e'er means a Joke,
His Audience applaud it, before he has spoke.

As Ministers, bent upon Schemes that are vile,
Wh're resolv'd to have nothing but Fools in the while,
Or Knaves, who will easly, by Bribes come about,
So he was resolv'd to keep all the rest out.

In all his Discourse, he is wise to a Fault,
And lavishes still all the Wit he has got ;
That, 'tis to be fear'd, when his Witbore's all spent,
He'll get none from those, where so much he has lent.

Triumphant he sits, in a very fine Chair,
In midit of a Council, where all mighty clear ;
With Trinkets of Tin, that hang under their Throats,
As low as the Beards of so many old Gulls.

Could you see this gay Scene, in its full Decoration,
And hear the fine Grand, make a learned Oration,
With his Council all gaping, to catch the sweet Sound,
Like Wax-work in Toy-shop, so plainly it round.

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Two years had he reign'd, in this Mock Show of State,
 When the Gulls a Repentance began to create;
 They saw through his Hyperboles, Tricks, and his Cant,
 That to trick 'em of Money, was all he did want.

With that, they resolv'd that they wou'd him depose,
 And, at their Election, another they chose:
 Which gave his good Worship the Hip, and the Spleen,
 It had kill'd him, but that—they had shifted the Scene.

For here they proceeded, with mighty great Pother,
 To pull down his Honour, and put up another;
 But, O, their Condition! they soon found (ala!)
 No Beast in their Books so proper an A.

Then all, with wry Faces, that shew'd their Concern,
 To their former obedience, did presently turn,
 And humbly (in Form) did his Worship implore,
 To Rule, and A's-ride them, as he did before.

To this, the good Creature soon gave his Assent,
 But bray'd a Reproof, for their late Discontent;
 Then, ascended the Throne, which himself had created,
 Where you may bow down—As above is directed.

Derry, down, down, &c.

S O N G LXI.

AT Winchester there was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 'Twixt lully Ralph of Reading,
 And boany black Bess of the Green:
 The Fiddlers were crowding before,
 Each Lass was as fine as a Queen:
 There was a Hundred and more,
 For all the whole Country came in,
 Bessie Robin led Rose so fair,
 She look'd like a Lilly o' th' Vale,
 And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Temmy came smiling Katy,
 He help'd her over the stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty,
 In forty and forty long miles
 Kit gave a green Gown to Bessy,
 And lent her his Hand to sue,
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,
 For looking blue under the Eye.

The merrily chittin' all,
 They pate to the Bield-houf along,
 With Johnny and pretty fair'd Nancy,
 The fairest of all the Thorne.

The Bridegroom come out to meet 'em,
 Alarad the Disher was foul'd,
 And when a' em is to treat 'em,
 With bair'd, and roisted, and boild.
 The Lad were to brith an' jolly,
 For each had hi Lov by hi Side;
 But Willy was in landalay,
 For he had a Mind to the Bielder
 Then Philipp begins her Health,
 And turns a Beer-baf to his Thumb,
 But J. skin was reckon'd for drinking,
 The fad in Chittenden.

And now they hid didn't, a dancing
 Into the midit of the Hall,
 The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
 And Jeremy led up the Ball;
 But Margery kept a Quarel,
 A Lass that was peud of her Pelf,
 'Cause Arthur had itolen her Garter,
 And swore he woud tie it himself.
 She strugl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with Anger to cry,
 'Cause Arthur in tying her Garter,
 Had slipt his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was left;
 The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knockt;
 For Caudle to light 'em to E. !
 But Robin fand a him fill'd,
 Mott friendly took him aside,
 The while that his Wife was with Willy,
 A playing at Hooper's hide;
 And now the warn Game begins,
 Tae critical Minute was come,
 And Chetting, and Biling, and Killing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
 And blithe as a Bird in the Sping;
 And Tommy was lo to Katy,
 And woided her with a Rush-Ring:

Sukie that danc'd with the Cushion,
 An hour from the Room had been gone,
 And Barnaby knew by her Blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done :
 And thus of fifty fair Maidens,
 That came to the Wedding with Men,
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
 That so did return again.

SONG LXII.

Tune,—*A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A Dean and Prebendary
 Had late a new Vagary,
 And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,
 Who led the better Life, Sir,
 And was the better Man.

The Dean he said that truly,
 Since Bluff was so unruly,
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,
 And so the Fight began, &c.

Then Preb repli'd like Thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,
 Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir,
 And more by two than he, Sir,
 For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilst these two were raging,
 And in Disputes engaging,
 The Master of the Charter
 Said both had caught a Tartar,
 For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.

That all the Books of Moses
 Were nothing but Supposes ;
 That he deliv'd Rebuke, Sir,
 Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
 'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father Adam,
 And Mrs. Eve his Medium,
 And what the Serpent spake, Sir,
 'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,
 And well invented Flim, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,
 As none would take Denial,
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,
 Could neither of them love, Sir,
 Nor neither could convince, &c.

She therefore flyly waiting,
 Left all three Pools a-peating ;
 And being in a Fright, Sir,
 Religion took her Flight, Sir,
 And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

SONG LXIII.

A Pox on the Times,
 Let 'em go as they will,
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,
 Our Hearts are our own,
 And shall be so still,
 Drink about my Boy, and be merry.

Let no Man despair,
 But drive away Care,
 And drown all your Sorrow with Claret :
 We'll never repine,
 So give us good Wine,
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,
 Unless to buy Drink,
 Or purchase us innocent Pleasure ;
 When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,
 So we Liquor can get,
 For Mirth of itself is a Treasure.

No Miser can be,
 So happy as we,
 Tho' compais'd with Riches he wallow ;
 Day and Night he's in Fear,
 And never without Care,
 While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glas,
 And round let it pass,
 For Nature doth Vacuums decline ;
 Drown the spruce formal Ass,
 That's afraid of his Face,
 We'll drink till our Noses do shaine.

While we've plenty of this,
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote against our Ruin ;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

SONG LXIV.

A Damsel, I'm told,
 Of delicate Mold,
 Whose Father was dead, to enrich her,
 Of all her fine Things,
 Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher.

The Youths all around,
 With Courtship profound ;
 Try'd every Art to bewitch her :
 But she was so chaste,
 She'd not be embrac'd
 By any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 By any Thing, &c.

Each offer'd his Pelf,
 In Exchange for herself,
 If to him the Parson might stitche her ;
 But still she reply'd,
 She'd never be ty'd
 To any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Gir',
 To any Thing, &c.

But Cupid, grown wild,
 To see himself soil'd,
 Resolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,
 And humble her Pride,
 Whatever betide,
 He scorn'd to give way to the Twitcher, poor Girl,
 He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk Strephon, the Young,
 Whose amorous Tongue
 Was baited with Words to bewitch her,
 The God did prepare,
 To combat the Fair,
 And try'd to out-rival her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 And try'd, &c.

Young

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
 And flush'd with Desire,
 Try'd Killes and Oaths to bewitch her,
 He prattl'd and toy'd,
 But still she reply'd,
 Pish, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,
 Pish, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark,
 So well took his Mark,
 He found out the Way to o'er-reach her ;
 He gave her a Trip,
 Which happen'd to slip
 The mystical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 The mystical, &c.

And thus having ended
 The Thing he intended,
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
 She cry'd, No, no, no ;
 But yet I can't go :
 Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,
 Now do, &c.

SONG LXV.

AS Celadon once from his Cottage did stray,
 To court his dear Jug on a hillock of Hay,
 What awkward confusion oppreſ'd the poor swain,
 When thus he deliver'd his passion in pain.

O Joy of my heart, and delight of my eyes,
 Sweet Jug, 'tis for thee faſhful Celadon dies :
 My Pipe I've forſaken, tho' reckon'd ſo ſweet,
 And ſleeping or waking thy name I repeat.

When swains to an alehouse by force do me lug,
 Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug ;
 And ſure you can't chide at repeating your name,
 When the Nightingale every night does the ſame.

Sweet Jug he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
 Which makes people ſay, that his voice is ſo ſweet,
 Ah ! why doſt thou laugh at my forrowful tale ?
 Too well I'm affur'd that my words won't prevail.

For Roger, the thatcher, poſſeſſes thy breast,
 As he at our laſt harveſt ſupper confeſt.

Town it, says Jug, he has gotten my heart,
His long curling hair looks so pretty and smart.

His eyes are so black, and his cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have said;
Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,
'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the man.

SONG LXVI.

A Very pretty fancy, a brave gallantahow,
A very pretty fancy a brave gallantahow,
E just come from France, a very pretty fancy
E just come from France, toute nouveau.

De first ting be de true picture of de great magnifcent City of
Londre,
Dat fill every part of de wold vid surprize, pleasure, and
vonder,
Here de cunning French, de vise Italian and Spaniard runne,
And vere can de go else, morbleau, to get quarter of de money.

And for de Diversions, dat make a de pleasure for this great
town,
Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never was
known;
Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do sweetly
sound,
Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred thousand
pound.

Here be de famous comediens of de wold, de troupe
Italien,
Dat make a de poor English weep, because dey vil troupe home
again;
De toder place be Mademoiselle Violante shew a tousand
trick,
She jump upon de rope ten storie high and never break her
neck.

Here be de vise managers shew all de vifdom of deir
brain,
Dat make a de fine ting of Vagnar and Abericock in Drury
Lane,
See how dey turn about, for deir own Diversion, in de flying
chair;
So prodigious entertainment vil never be dis tousand
year.

SONG

SONG LXVII.

M I T H E R.

AULD Rob. Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king of good fellows, and of auld men,
Has fourscore black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his cild and my cild can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He shall lie by your fide, and kils ye too;
Auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld Rob. Morris I ken him sou weel,
His A— it sticks out like ony pot creel,
He's cut-shinn'd; in-knee'd and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld Rob. Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld Rob. Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, daughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to thoo,
For auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld Rob. Morris I never will hae,
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown grey;
I had titter die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob. Morris I never will hear.

SONG LXVIII.

A Wig that's full,
An empty skull,
A box of Burgamot;
A hat ne'er made
To fit his head,
No more than that to plot.

A hand that's white,
A ring that's right,

A sword

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

A sword, knot, patch, and feather;
 A gracious smile,
 And ground and oil,
 Do very well together.

A finatch of French,
 And none of sense,
 All-conquering airs and graces;
 A tune that thrills,
 A leer that kibb,
 Stepl'n flights and borrow'd phrases.

A chariot gilt,
 To wait on it,
 A gay l'ward pace and carriage
 A foreign tour,
 Domestick whore,
 And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,
 G— d— ye, m'am,
 A smock-face, tho' a mann'd one,
 A peaceful sword,
 Not one wife word,
 But state and prate at random.

Duns, baslards, claps,
 And am'ious scraps
 Of Celia and Amadis;
 Toss up a beau,
 That grand ragout,
 That hodge-podge for the ladies.

SONG LXIX.

A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,
 He came into a town;
 With certain wares he had to sell,
 Which he cry'd up and down:
 And first of all he did begin
 With ribbands, laces, points, or pins,
 Gartering, girdling, tape, or fileting,
 Maids, any coney-skins.

I have of your fine perfum'd gloves,
 And made of the best doe-skin;
 Such as young men do give their loves
 When they their favour win:
 Besides, he had many a prettier thing,
 Than ribbands, &c.

I have of your fine necklace,
As ever you did behold ;
And of your silk handkerchiefs,
That are laid round with gold ;
Besides, he had many a prettier thing,
Than ribbands, &c.

Good fellow, says one, and smiling late,
Your measure does somewhat pinch,
Beside, you measure at such a rate,
It wants above an inch.
And then he shew'd her a prettier thing,
Than ribbands, &c.

The lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd, and did protest,
Unless he'd shew it her once agen,
She ne'er thou'd be at rest :
With that he shew'd her a prettier thing,
Than ribbands, &c.

With that the pedlar began to huff,
And said his measure was good,
If that she pleas'd to try his stuff,
And take it whilst it stood :
And then he gave her a prettier thing,
Than ribbands, &c.

Good fellow, said she, when you come again
Pray bring good store of ware ;
And for new customers do not sing,
For I'll take all and to spare :
With that she hugg'd his prettier thing
Than ribbands, or laces, points, or, &c.

SONG LXX.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,
To make a maid a wife, sir,
Whose name was buxom Joan ;
For now the time was ended
When she no more intended
To tick her lips at man, sir,
Nor gnaw the sheet, in vain, sir,
And lie a-nights alone.

The Soldier swore like thunder
He lov'd her more than plunder,

And

And shew'd her many a scar, sir,
Which he had brought from far, sir,

In fighting for her sake.

The Taylor thought to please her,
By off'ring her his measure;
The Tinker too, with metal,
Said he wou'd mend her kettle,
And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor slyly waiting,
Thought if it came about, sir,
That they should all fall out, sir,
He then might play his part:
And just e'en as he meant, sir,
To loggerheads they went, sir,
And then he let fly at her
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
Which won this fair maid's heart.

S O N G LXXI.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.

Derry down, &c.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jugg of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying just to a hair have I made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart,
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he spake she would flounce and would fieer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pier'd thro' his bony instead of the sole,
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll .

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's end :
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

SONG LXXII.

ARM, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die ;
Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying :
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die ;
Liberty ! Liberty !
Liberty ! Liberty !

SONG LXXIII.

A Taylor, good Lord, in the time of vacation,
When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was low,
For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion,
To one that sold ale in Cuckoldy Row ;
Now a louse made him itch ;
Here a scratch, there a stitch,
And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

One day she came up, when at work in his garret
To tell what he ow'd that his score he might know.
Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;
Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go ?
Now a louse, &c.

Says prick-louse, my jewel, I love you most dearly,
My breast ev'ry minute still hotter does glow.
Aye, only, says she, for the juice of my barley,
And other good drink in my cellar below.
Now a louse, &c.

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
Which I dare not name, and you care not to shew.
Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow ?
Now a louse, &c.

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Says he, 'tis a thing that has never a handle,
 'Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low:
 Said she, then I fear that you must have a candle,
 Or else the wrong way you may happen to go
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was charcoal,
 Tho' I never was there, yet the way do I know:
 Says she, if it be such a terrible dark hole,
 Don't offer to grope out your way to it so:
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,
 For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;
 Says she, do not towzle me so, for I hate it,
 I vow bye-and bye you will make me cry, eh:
 So they both went to work,
 Now a kiss, then a jirk,
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho,

The taylor arose, when the business was over,
 Says he, you will rub out the score ere you go:
 Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a lover,
 I'm not such a fool I'd have you to know;
 Now a louse made him itch,
 Here a scratch, there a stich,
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

SONG LXXIV.

As it fell on a holy-day,
 As it fell on a holy-day,
 And upon a holy day tide-a,
 And upon a holy-day tide-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
 A little before the gate-a;
 John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
 To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
 Was good King John of France a;
 John Dory could well of his courtesie,
 But fell down in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
 For my merry men, and for me a;
 And all the churls in merry England,
 I'll bring them bound to thee a.

And

And Nichol was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide a ;
And he mann'd forth a good black bark,
With fifty good oars on a side a.

Run up, my boy, unto the main top,
And look whist thou canst spy a ;
Why ho ! why ho ! a ship I do see,
I trow it is John Dory a.

They hoist their sails, both top and top,
The mizen and all wa' try'd a ;
And every man heed to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were ply'd :
And dub a dub went the drum a ;
The sounding trumpets loud they cry'd,
To courage all and some a.

The grapping books were brought at length,
The brown bill, and the fward a ;
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapp'd fast under board a.

SONG LXXV.

BACCHUS, assist us to sing thy great glory,
Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story,
Wine's first projector,
Mankind's protector,
Patron to topers,
How we do adore thee.

Wine's first projector, &c.
Friend to the muses, and whetstone to Venus,
Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us.

Sorrow's physician,
When our condition,
In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.
Nature, she smil'd, when thy birth it was blazed :
Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were raised :
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the vine's growing,
And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

SONG LXXVI.

BACCHUS one day gaily striding,
On his never failing tun,
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus addres'd each topping ion :
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine,
All things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble life to me ;
Poets wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity :
If my influence is wanting,
Musick's charms but slowly move ;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the swain with love.

If you'd crown the lasting pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your eyes ;
From my ever-flowing Treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise.
Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,
Sole dispeller of your pain,
Gloomy souls from care release.
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG LXXVII.

BUSY, curious thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou lip and sip it up :
Make the most of Life you may,
Life is short, and wears away,
Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore ;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one,
Will appear, &c.

SONG

SONG LXXXVIII.

Bacchus must now his power resign,
I am the only God of wine ;
It is not fit that rogue should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye pow'rs divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine ;
Let wine its only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air, and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care :
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states or empires swim or sink,
My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG LXXXIX.

Britons, where is your great magnanimity
Where's your boasted courage flown ?
Quite perverted to pusillanimity,
Scarce to call yourselves your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,
Crown'd with conquest in the field ;
You'd relinquish ; and O most ingloriously,
To oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,
See her weeping quit the shore ;
Britain's Loss will be then pait comparative,
Never to behold her more.

Gracious God ! to a full exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy vindictive hand ;
Make oppressors their plunder regurgitate,
And preserve a sinking land.

SONG LXXX.

By drinking drive dull care away,
Be brisk and airy,
Never vary
In your tempers, but be gay :

Let mirth know no cessation.
 We all were born (mankind agree)
 From dull reflection to be free,
 But he that drinks not, cannot be
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,

Then all our whining,
 Wishing, striving,
 To embrace the beauty yields,
 Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus tends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth,
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever with-on.

All malice here is flung aside,
 Each take his glass,
 No healths do pass,
 Nor party feuds here e'er abide,
 They sought but ill occasion,
 We only meet to celebrate,
 The day which brought us to this state,
 But not to curse, nor yet to hate,
 The hour of our creation.

S O N G LXXXI

BLow, Boreas, blow, and let thy sultry winds
 Make the billows foam and roar ;
 Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,
 But spite of thee we'll live, and find a shore.
 Then cheer, my mates, and be not aw'd,
 But keep the gun-room clear ;
 Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,
 Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear
 Hey ! how she tostes up, how far !
 The mounting top-mast touch'd a star,
 The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came
 And, salamander like, we liv'd in flame.
 But now, now we sink ! now we go
 Down to the deepest shades below
 Alas ! alas ! where are we now !
 Who, who can tell ?
 Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell,
 Or where the sea-gods dwell ;

With

With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign ;
 With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink a-main :
 But see ! we mount ! see ! see ! we ride again !

SONG LXXXII.

Bacchus is a pow'r divine,
 For he no sooner fills my head
 With mighty wine,
 But all my cares resign,
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead ;
 Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,
 And I in riches flow,
 At least I fancy so ;
 And without thought of want I sing,
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
 With flow'rs weav'd into a garland, crown'd i's
 Then, then I begin to live,
 And scorn what all the world can shew or give
 Let the brave fools that fondly think
 Of honour, and delight
 To make a noise, a noise, and fight,
 Go seek out war, whilst I seek peace,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.
 Then fill my glass, fill, fill it high ;
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die
 But when bottles are rang'd,
 Make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,
 When I am funk,
 The diff'rence to lie dead,
 And lie dead drunk :
 The fighting fool, &c.

SONG LXXXIII.

Brisk Claret and Sherry
 Will make us all merry ;
 Then fill the gla's, fill the gla's readily round ;
 Put it o'er the left thumb,
 Tho' the company's dumb,
 'Twill open their pipes with a musical sound.
 'Twill open, &c.
 Then io, la, me, fa,
 With a note on elas ;

Then

Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.

Fill a bumper about,

For without any doubt,

Jolly Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is prais'd to the skies,
Is prais'd to the skies.

SONG · LXXXIV.

BY the beer as brown as berry,

By the cyder and the perry,

Which so oft has made us merry.

With a hey down, ho down, derry, S.

Mauxelinda's I'll remain;

True blue will never stain:

Mauxelinda's I'll remain;

True blue will never stain.

True, &c.

SONG · LXXXV.

COME, ye heroes, fam'd in story,

For the great exploits you've done,

And record the lasting glory,

Of great George's warlike son.

He whose brave undaunted spirit,

In his fire and country's cause,

Shines amongst distinguish'd merit,

And has gain'd the world's applause.

Flanders first beheld with wonder,

When his pow'rs he display'd,

And tho' 'midst of Gallick thunder,

He, brave soul, was ne'er dismay'd.

Tho' in battle there defeated,

None could him or army blame,

For in order they retreated,

And by numbers was o'ercame.

When Britannia seem'd to languish,

And requir'd his presence here,

To assuage the nation's anguish,

See the martial youth appear,

To relieve each subject sighing,

How he hasten'd to their aid,

Swift as lightning see him flying,

Whilst as swift the Rebels fled.

Trembling

Trembling still they fly before him,
 At the sound of William's name,
 Whilst his followers all adore him,
 And each soldier spreads his fame.
 May the choicest blis attend him,
 And where e'er the hero goes,
 May kind heaven still befriend him,
 To subdue his country's foes.

SONG LXXXVI.

Come listen a while, my friends, to my ditty,
 The which I shall now tell you here,
 This story was told which I sha'l unfold,
 It was over a pot of good beer.
 When money was plenty, but now it's grown scanty,
 And riches did merrily flow,
 But now all the nation is full of vexation,
 When the times will mend no-body knows.

Here is bite upon bite, a knave's the best man,
 Wife men without money are fools,
 Cheats, bites and knaves, make honest men slaves,
 It's money that bears now the rule.
 A gentleman born is now held in scorn,
 If by crosses he fall to decay,
 He's despis'd like a beggar, both by friend and neighbour,
 The more is the pity I say.

A man that is wise, he saves up his money,
 To serve for a cold winter's day,
 It will stand his best friend, he will find in the end
 When his friends they are all flown away.
 A wife that in summer provides for the winter,
 He's blest that has got such a dame,
 For a kind-loving wife is the joy of man's life,
 So is victuals and money the same.

It would move you with pity, to walk thro' the city,
 To hear the poor tradesmen complain,
 Kind heaven that sent us a plentiful season,
 But the rich they enjoy the same.
 There's provision enough, and good I declare,
 But the poor have no money to buy,
 We have a sight and a smell, when the rich have their fill,
 They won't hear cold Charity cry.

Bumbailiffs and lawyers deliciously fare,

Their trade it goes merrily on,

For we must have food, and cloaths for to wear,

Tho' in debt for the same we do run.

This great world's but a pain, our labour's in vain,

Let's drink with a merry good cheer,

Who knows but kind fortune will turn once again,

And the times will be better next year ?

Let's down with all sorrow, who knows but to-morrow,

We die with a heart full of care ;

This world is a bite, if you'll take me but right,

At plainly it now does appear,

He plays his cards fair, that can both lie and swear,

And get all his cash by the bite,

He lives and grows great, whilst an honest man's fate,

Is to labour and get little by't.

A man that loves flogging will never grow rich,

The publicans get all his store,

I pity that honest man with all my heart,

That in marriage is join'd to a whore :

And a wife that loves gin, will make his back thin ;

Her children by poverty's known :

And he that meddles with matters of state,

Had better to let them alone.

S O N G LXXXVII.

CAN I view a doating ass,
Cringing to a scornful lass,
And not burst my tides with ha, ha, ha ?
Or behold a haughty fair,
Giving sentence of despair,
Nor the farce deride with ha, ha, ha ?

Tho' I flatter, sigh, and whine,
When I hope to have her mine ;
Yet when frolick makes her prance,
I give musick to her dance,
And tune her pride with ha, ha, ha.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

COME fill up the bowl with the liquor that fine :
And much more divine is,
Than now-a-days wine is, with all their arts,
None here can controul !

The

The vintner despising, tho' brandy be rising,
 'Tis punch that must clear the heart :
 The lover's complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
 And Celia disdaining, shall cease to be nice.
 Come fill up the bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover the cheat of each lover,
 When free from all care you'll quickly find,
 As nature intended 'em, willing and kind :
 Come fill up the bowl, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

COME let's drink, the time invites,
 Winter and cold weather,
 For to pass away long nights,
 And to keep good wits together ;
 Better far than cards or dice,
 Or Isaac's ball, that quaint device,
 Made up with fan and feather.

Of grand actions on the seas,
 We will ne'er be jealous ;
 Give us liquor that will please,
 And will make us braver fellows,
 Than the bold Venetian fleet,
 When the Turks and they do meet,
 Within the Dardanellas.

Mahomet was no divine,
 But a senseless widgeon ;
 To forbid the use of wine,
 Unto those of his religion ;
 Falling-sicknes was his shame,
 And his fame shall have the blame,
 For all his whispy'ring pigeon.

Valentia, that famous town,
 Stood the Frenchmen's wonder ;
 Water it employ'd to drown,
 And to cut their troops asunder.
 Turenne cast a helpless look,
 Whilst the crafty Spaniards took
 La Ferte and his plunder.

Therefore water we disdain,
 Mankind's adversary ;
 Once it caus'd the world's whole frame
 In a deluge to miscarry :

Nay, the enemies of joy,
Seek with envy to destroy,
And murder good canary.
Sack's the prince's surest guard,
If he wou'd but try it ;
No rebellion e'er was heard,
Where the subjects soundly ply it ;
And three constables at most,
Are enough to quell an host,
That thus disturbs our quiet.

Drink about your full-brim bowls,
See there be no shrinking,
For to quench your thirsty foul,
We of projects are not thinking ;
But a way we will devise,
How to make out colours rise,
And our noles rich with drinking.

Cause the rubies to appear
In their orient lustre ;
Pottle pots bring up the rear,
For our forces we muster.
Signor Gallon leads the van,
He hath taken many a man,
And drowns 'em in a clutter.

Sack it doth inspire the wit,
Tho' the brain be muddy :
Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet
By its virtue fall to study.
He that tipples up good sack,
Finds sound marrow in the back,
That's wholesome for the belly.

All the faculties of man,
Are enrich'd by this treasure ;
He that first this bowl began,
Let him give to all his measure.
Sack is like æthereal fire,
Which doth kindle new desire,
To do a woman pleasure.

Sack doth make the spirit bold,
'Tis like the Muses nectar,
Some that silent tongues did hold,
Now can speak a learned lecture ;
By the flowing of the tub,
They can break Alcides' club,
And take the crown from Hector.

We never covet to be rich,
 With commerce, or with trading ;
 Nor have we a zealous itch,
 Tho' quondam meazns are fading ;
 But our vessel's all our store,
 And wits are how to get at more
 Good fack, and that's our lading.

We that drink good fack in plate,
 To make us blithe and jelly,
 Never plot against the slate,
 To be punisl'd for such folly ;
 But the merry glass and pipe,
 Make our sensies quick and ripe,
 And expel melancholy.

See the squibs, and hear the bells,
 The fifth day of November ;
 The preacher a sad story tells,
 And with horror doth remember,
 How some dry-brain'd traitors wrought,
 Plots, that would to ruin brought
 Both king and ev'ry member.

We that drink have no such thoughts,
 Blind and void of reason :
 We take care to fill our vaults,
 With good wine at ev'ry season :
 And with many a cheerful cup
 We blow one another up,
 And that's our only treason.

SONG XC.

COME, take your glass, the Northern lass,
 So prettily advis'd ;
 I drank her health, and really was
 Agreeably surpriz'd.
 Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
 Her air and mien so free ;
 The Syren charm'd me from my meat,
 But take your drink, fid the.

If from the North such beauty came,
 How is it that I feel
 Within my breast that glowing flame,
 No tongue can e'er reveal ?

Tho' cold and raw the North wind blow,
All summer's on her breast;
Her skin was like the driven snow,
But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may Southern climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it seems;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in extremes.
Then like our genial Wine she'll charm,
With love my panting breast:
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm;
Be ice to all the rest.

S O N G XCI.

Come, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like Fools, on grief or sadness;
Let our money fly,
And our sorrow die,
All worldly care is madness.

But wine and good cheer,
Will, in spite of our tear,
Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys;
The time we live,
To wine let us give,
Since all must turn to earth, boys.

Hand about the bowl,
The delight of my soul,
And to my hand command it;
A fig for chink,
'Twas made to buy drink,
And before we go hence we'll spend it.

S O N G XCII.

Come, cheer up your hearts,
And call for your quarts,
And let there no liquor be lacking:
We have money in store,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have sent it all packing:
Then, drawer, make haste,
And let no time waste,

But give ev'ry man his due,
 To avoid all trouble,
 Go fill the pot double,
 Since he that made one, made two,
 Since he that made one, made two.

Come drink, my heart, drink,
 And call for more wine;
 'Tis that makes a man to speak truly;
 What Soe can refrain,
 Or daily complain,
 That he, in his drink, is unruly?
 Then drink and be civil,
 Intending no Evil,
 If that you'll be rule'd by me;
 For Claret and Sack,
 We never will lack,
 Since he that made two, made three,
 Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon,
 Sits all the day drudging,
 At home, with brown Bread and small Beer;
 With scraping earn'd pelf,
 He starveth himself,
 Scarce eats a good meal in a year;
 But we'll not do so,
 Howe'er the world go,
 Since that we have money in store;
 For Claret and Sack,
 We never will lack,
 Since he that made three made four,
 Since he, &c.

Come drink, my hearts, drink,
 And call for your wine;
 D'ye think I'll leave you i'th' lurch?
 My reck'ning I'll pay,
 Ere I go away,
 Or hang me as high as Paul's Church;
 Tho' some men will say,
 This is not the way,
 For us in this world to thrive;
 'Tis no matter for that,
 Let us have t'other quart,
 Since he that made four made five,
 Since he, &c.

A pox of old Charon,
 His brains are all barren,
 His liquor (like Coffee) is dry,
 But we are for wine,
 'Tis drink more divine,
 Without it we perish and die,
 Then troll it about,
 Until 'tis all out,
 We'll affront him in spite of his Sty.,
 If he grudges his ferry,
 We'll drink and be merry,
 Since he that made five, made six,
 Since he, &c.

But now the time's come,
 That we all must go home,
 Our liquor's all gone, that's for certain,
 Which makes me repine,
 That a God so divine,
 Went give us one cup at our parting,
 But since all is past,
 Let's not be dismity'd,
 But fly to great Bacchus in Heaven,
 And chide him, because
 He made no better laws,
 Since he that made six, made seven,
 Since he, &c.

SONG XCIII.

Cold and raw the north did blow,
 Bleak in the morning early,
 All the fields were hid with snow,
 Cover'd with winter yearly,
 As I was riding o'er the fough,
 I met with a farmer's daughter,
 Her rosy checks and bonny brow,
 Good faith, my mouth did water,
 Down I veild my bonnet low,
 Meaning to show my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful boy,
 Her village far exceeding,
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a parley;
 She told me to the next market-town,
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lie fairly;
 Seek no further on to buy,
 For I'll take all thy barley:
 Twenty pounds more shall purchase delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig with me all night,
 And gang home in the morning early.

If forty pounds would buy the globe,
 This thing I would not do, sir;
 Or were my friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raife them so, sir:
 For shou'd you prove one night my friend,
 We'll get a young kid together,
 And you'd be gone ere nine months end,
 Then where should I find the father?

Pray what would then my parent say,
 If I should be so silly,
 To give my maidenhead away,
 And lese my true love Billy?
 Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,
 And therefore I say you nay, sir,
 And if that you would me embrace,
 First marry, and then you nay, sir.

I told her I had wedded been,
 Fourteen years and lenger;
 Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,
 And tie the knot still stronger.
 She bid me then no farther come,
 But manage my wedlock fairly,
 And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,
 For some other should buy her barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
 She rode away and left me,
 After her I could not go,
 Of joy she quite bereft me;
 Thus I myself did disappoint,
 For she did leave me fairly,
 One word knockt all things out of joint,
 I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
 Some two or three hours after,
 Then I chanc'd to meet again,
 This farmer's bonny daughter.

Altho' it was both raw and cold,
 I staid to hold a parley,
 And show'd once more my purse of gold,
 When as she had sold her barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,
 But let us change embraces :
 I'll buy thee a fine silken gown,
 With ribbands, gloves, or lace ;
 A ring and bodkin, mus' and tan,
 No lady shall have neater,
 For, as I am an honest man,
 I never saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,
 And said, my dearest jewel,
 Why shouldst thou thus disputing stand,
 I prithee be not cruel.
 She found my mind was fully bent,
 To please my fond desire ;
 Therefore she seemed to consent,
 But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
 If I commit this evil,
 And yield myself in love with you,
 I hope you will prove civil.
 You talk of ribbands, gloves, and ring,
 And likewite gold and treasure ;
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
 And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd,
 Said I, my own dear honey
 Then into her lap I quickly laid,
 Full forty pounds in money,
 We'll to the market-town this day,
 And straitway end this quarrel ;
 And deck thee like a lady gay,
 In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there,
 To her I did deliver,
 On the road we did repair,
 Out-coming to a river,
 Whole waters are both deep and wide,
 Such rivers I never saw many ;
 She leapt her mare on t'other side,
 And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,
 With grief and care surrounded ;
 After her I could not go,
 For fear of being drowned :
 She turned about, and said, behold
 I'm not for your devotion ;
 But, sir, I thank you for your gold,
 'Twill serve t'enlarge my portion

I began to stamp and stare,
 To see what she had acted ;
 With my hands I tore my Hair,
 Like one that was distract'd.
 Give me my money then, I cry'd,
 Good faith I did but lend it ;
 But she full fast away did ride,
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

SONG XCIV.

COME fill me a glas, fill it high,
 A bumper a bumper I'll have ;
 He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,
 Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me, will never give o'er,
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
 And merrily sticke for more.

Drown reason and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command ;
 Cou'd she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glas idly stand ?

Reputation's a beauty to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinkin' ;
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politick thinking.

Fill'em all, I'll have six in my hand,
 For I've trifled an age away :
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glas, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry,
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out
 If once we grow sober we die.

SONG

SONG XCV.

Come, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to toe good wine,
Let us offer up a libation,
Unto our master, Dion;

And a tooping, &c. &c. &c.
Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a reason why;
'Tis a great sin to leave a bottle,
'Till we've drank the cellar dry.

And a tooping, &c.

In times of old I wis a fool,
I drank the Water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule.
He thought 'twas too severe.

And a tooping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a sup;
But had it been a gallon pot,
By Jove, I'd tost it up.

And a tooping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,
Good Wine has been my cheer;
Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
But water, or small beer.

And a tooping, &c.

Then let us toe about, my boys,
And never flinch nor fly;
But fill our skin brimful of Wine,
And drain the bottles dry.

And a tooping, &c.

SONG XCVI.

Come, come, my hearts of gold,
Let us be merry and wise,
It is a proverb of old,
Suspicion has dim'd my eyes;
Whatsoever we say or do,
Let's n't drink to disturb our train;

Let's laugh for an hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A cup of old Sack is good,
 To drive the cold winter away ;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the blood,
 Molt when a man's spirit decay :
 But he that doth drink too much,
 Of his head he will complain ;
 Then let's have a gentle touch,
 And ne'er, &c.

Good Claret was made for Man,
 But Man was not made for it ;
 Let's be merry as we can,
 So we drink not away our wit :
 Good fellowship is abus'd,
 And wine will infect the brain ;
 But we'll have it better us'd,
 And ne'er, &c.

When with good fellows we meet,
 A quart among three or four,
 'Twill make us stand on our feet,
 While others lie drunk on the floor.
 Then, drawer, fill us a quart,
 And let it be Claret in grain ;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the heart,
 But we'll ne'er, &c.

Here's a health to our noble King,
 And to the Queen of his heart ;
 Let's laugh and merrily sing,
 And he's a coward that will start :
 Here's a health to our general,
 And to those that were in Spain ;
 And eke to our colonel,
 And we'll ne'er, &c.

Enough's as good as a feast,
 If a man did but measure know ;
 A drunkard's worse than a beast,
 For he'll drink till he cannot go,
 If a man could time recall,
 In a tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be sober all,
 And we'd ne'er, &c.

SONG XCVII.

Come, let us drink and drown all sorrow,
For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not,
For perhaps we may not meet here to-morrow.

He that goes to bed, goes to bed to-er,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,
Falls as the leaves do in October.

This will cure the head-ach, the cough, and the phthisick,
This is to all men, this is to all men,
This is to all men the best phylick.

SONG XCVIII.

Come, let us prepare,
We brothers that are,
Met together on merry occasio
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring:
Here's a health to an accepted Mason.

The world is in pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on ;
Till they're shwon the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that ;
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their swords,
This our myst'ry to put a good grace on ;
And ne'er be ashame'd,
To hear themselves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our side,



It makes each man jist in his station;
 There's naught but what's good,
 To be understood,
 By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
 We're jist to the fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
 No mortal can more,
 The ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry and put a bright face on
 No mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted Mason.

SONG XCIX.

Come, let's be merry,
 While we've good Sherry;
 Come, let's be airy,
 Sprightly, and gay:
 Good wine's a pleasure,
 The only treasure
 That makes us joyful,
 By night or day.

Wine makes us jolly,
 Cures Melancholy,
 Drowns all our folly,
 Makes our hearts glad;
 While we're potshelling,
 That glorious blessing,
 Good wine carelling,
 Let's not be sad.

SONG C.

Drunk I was last night, that's poz,
 My wife began to scold;
 Say what I cou'd for my heart's blood,
 Her clack the world not hold.
 Thus her chat she did begin,
 Is this your time of coming in?
 The clock strikes one, you'll be undone,
 If thus you lead your life.

My

My dear, said I, I can't deny,
 But what you say is true;
 I do intend my life to mend,
 Pray lend's the Pot to spew.
 Fye, you fot, I ne'er can bear,
 To rise thus ev'ry night;
 Tho' like a beast you never care
 What consequence comes by't.

The child and I may starve for you;
 We neither can have half our due;
 With grief I find, you're so unkind,
 In time you'll break my heart:
 At that I smil'd, and said, dear child,
 I believe you're in the wrong;
 But if't should be your destiny,
 I'll sing a merry song.

SONG CI.

Diogenes sultry and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is Truth:
 But growing as poor as was Job,
 And unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny,
 To tipple and cherish his heart,
 And when he was mauldiling, would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart:
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's follies and vice,
 When 'twas only his custom to drink,
 'Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad,
 Of a bumper to clear up his soul,
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a full flowing bowl:
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the better to shine;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy real,
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, the master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly forme authors agree,
Was big as a watering trough;
He therefore leapt into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato the learned divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits we ne'er should have known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

SONG CII.

FILL all the Glasses, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all power but love:
Wine gives the slave his liberty;
But love makes a slave of thund'ring Jove.
Drink, drink away,
Make a night of the day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis liquor divine;
The pleasures of life,
Free from anguish and strife,
Are owing to love and good wine.

SONG CIII.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle.
It is my lady's birth-day,
Therefore we keep holiday,
And come to be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,
 And there was rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,
 And there was tantara rara, tantara,
 And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty taborers and pipes all in a row,
 And there was whip a dub,
 And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty women all in a row,
 And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
 And whip a dub, &c.

Four and twenty singing-masters all in a row,
 And there was fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la,
 And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,
 And this, and that, and down to the legs clap, sir,
 And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row,
 And there was *Omne quod exit in unum damno*,
Sed plus damno decorum; and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty vintners all in a row,
 And there was Claret and white,
 I ne'er drank worse in my life,
 And excellent good Canary,
 Drawn off the lees of Sherry,
 If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty parliament-men all in a row,
 And there was loyalty and reason,
 Without one word of treason,
 And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,
 And there was Alter Malter Vantor Dyker Shapen Kopen
 de Van Hogne Rottyck Vanton sick de Brille Van Boor-
 flyck, Van Foortlyck, and Soatrag Van Hogan Herien Van
 Donk.
 Rare Claret and White, &c.

SONG CIV.

Tune,—*Ye Commons and Peers.*

From good liquor ne'er shrink,
In friendship we'll drink,
And drown all grim care and pale sorrow :
Let us husband the day,
For time flies swift away,
And no one's assur'd of to morrow.

Of all the gay sages
That grac'd the past ages,
Dad Noah the most did excel ;
He first planted the vine,
First tasted the wine,
And nobly got drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we
Get as busky as he,
Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?
Then fill up my glafs,
I'll see that it paſſes
To the manes of that good old Sire.

SONG CV.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King ;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign ;

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Oh! grant that Marshal Wade
May, by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring;
May he sedition hush,
And like a torent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God save the King.

Confound tall Jemmy's plot,
Pope, French and Spanish knot,
Confound them all.
Villains notorious,
Their fears inglorious,
Never shall conquer us,
Confound them all.

O Lord look down, and save
Thy sovereign George, the brave
Our noble King;
Protect our church and state,
And make true Britons hate
Priests with bald-headed pate,
Of the French King.

Oh! now some people say,
Young Charles is run away,
Over to France;
'Cause he was sore afraid,
Of valiant Ma'hal Wade,
For if that he had staid,
He'd had no chance.

Since this good news we bring,
Britons rejoice, and sing
God save the King;
And the royal family,
O may they multiply,
Sing till the day we die,
God save the King.

Let's drink a health to them,
Fill your glasses to the brim,

God



God save the King ;
 Heaven's grant the wars to cease,
 That trading may encrease,
 Unite in love and peace,
 God save the king.

SONG CVI.

Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their nest,
 And all the young fry of their cribs were possest,
 Spot, Whitefoot, and Puff, in the ashes were laid,
 And a blinking rush-candle just over their head.

Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,
 Preparing to make her good friend, the hog, fatter ;
 Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,
 Till her embroider'd clothes were ready to fry.

Roger the ploughman i'th 'chimney lay snoring,
 Till Cupid, sore vex'd at his clownish adoring,
 Did straightway convey to the great logger-head,
 The whisp'ring news, that they were all a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,
 Straight to his dear Ursla in passion he hies ;
 Then leaning his elbow on Ursla's broad baek,
 Complain'd that his heart was ready to crack.

Ursla being vex'd at the weight of her love,
 Cry'd, Cupid, why dolst thou thus treacherous prove ?
 In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,
 And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the lout.

Roger b'ing angry at such an affront,
 And not at all minding of what might come or'n't,
 He gave her a kick, with such wond'rous Mettle,
 As tumbl'd poor Ursla quite over the Kettle.

This noise and rumbling set Gaffer awaking,
 And fearing, left thieves had been stealing his bacon,
 With a par down the stairs, in a trice he came stumbling,
 Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursla lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore ;
 So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door,
 Not minding the rain, nor the cold windy weather,
 To finisht their loves in a hog-sye together.

SONG CVII.

GAY Bacchus, liking Elscourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke ;
And I for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
And Joke near Comus plac'd ;
Thus wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please each sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging grace,
Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass,
A lady of the Sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus took his bumper o'er,
And always got the most,
For Joke took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd and drank at ev'ry touch,
Then fill'd and drank again ;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests ran all the table round,
And with the wine confise,
(While they by fly reflection wound)
To set their head on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid flung,
By reek'ning his deccits ;
And Cupid mock'd his flamin'g tongue,
With all his flagg'ring gaits.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy ways,
And sat - without a jest ;
While Comus call'd his witty plays,
E'en waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing you how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To

To part the fray, the graces fly,
Who make them soon agree;
And had the furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow,
But kept some dart to ill the cup,
Where Sack and Suga flow.

Joke, taking Comus's rosy crown,
In triumph wore the prize;
And thrice in mirth he pull'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid fought the Myrtle Grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And Beauty, close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where soon companions gravely fit,
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Joke, who stay'd behind,
For one fresh glass prepare:
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,
This our instructive song:
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

SONG CVIII.

GEn'rous wine, and a friend in whom I can confide,
And a cleanly bright girl I wou'd have for my bride:
I'll keep a brace of geldings,
An easy pad to please my spouse;
Kind fate, what more I ask,
Ne'er to want my dear hawk,
And in friendly bumpers ever briskly carouse.

SONG CIX.

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show you what 'tis to be gay;
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away;

Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasanter when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty-four Hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But Wine makes us doubly see.
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent in woman,
But none in a brimner can be.

SONG - CX.

Great Jove once made love like a bull, a bull,
With Leda a swan was in vogue;
And to persevere in that rule, that Rule,
He now does descend like a dog :
For when I to Celia would speak,
And on her breast sigh what I mean,
My heart-strings are ready to break ;
For there I find Monsieur le Chien, le Chien,
Le Chien, Monsieur le Chien.

For knowledge of modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defy any one with two legs,
But here I am rival'd by four :
Distracted all night with my wrongs,
I cry ! cruel gods, what d'ye mean ?
That what to my merit belongs,
Ye bestow upon Monsieur le Chien.

For feature, or niceness in dress,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Nor vainly myself should express,
To say, I am much more a man ;
To the government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean ;
And if he religious can be,
I've as much sure as Monsieur le Chien.

But what need I publish my parts, my parts,
Or idly my passion relate ;
Since fancy, that captivates hearts,
Resolves not to alter my fate :

I may

I may sing, caper, ogle, and speak,
And make a long court, aussi bien,
And yet with one passionate Lick,
I'm out-rival'd by Monsieur le Chien.

SONG CXI.

HE comes, he comes, the Hero comes!
Sound, sound the Trumpet, beat, beat the Drum;
From port to port, let Cannons roar,
He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your Songs prepare;
Loud, loudly render echoing air.
From Pole to poie your Joys resound,
For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

SONG CXII.

Hail, Burgundy, thou juice divine,
Inspirer of my song;
The praises giv'n to other wine,
To thee alone belong.

Of manly wit and female charms
Thou can't the pow'r improve:
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent Vines,
From whence thy current streams,
Smiling amidst the tendrils shines,
And lavish darts his beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his fire,
And all his pow'r retain;
With the same warmth our brains inspire,
And lead the sprightly train.

From thee, fair Chloe's radiant eye,
New sparkling beams receives;
Her checks imbibe a rosier dye,
New fires her bosom heaves.

Summon'd to love, by thy alarms,
Oh! with what nervous heat,
Worthy the maid we fill her arms;
How oft that love repeat!

The stoic, prone to thought intense,
Thy softness can unbend;
A cheerful gaiety dispense,
And make him taste a friend.

His brow grows clear, he feels content,
Forgets his pensive strife,
And well concludes our span well spent
In honest social life.

Ev'n fops—those doubtful gender things,
Wrapt up in selves and dress,
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From sense—thy pow'r confess.

Each foolish, puling, maudlin face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his cue, and stiff grimace,
Grows fier, and seems to think.

SONG CXIII.

Hail Masonry, thou craft divine!
JGlory of earth by heav'n reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons eyes conceal'd,
Chor. Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A Mason other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breast securely dwells?
Chor. His silent breast, and faithful heart,
Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat, and piercing cold,
From beasts whole roar the forest rends:
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The Masons art mankind defends.
Chor. Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receive such aid,

Ensigns of slate, that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain!
By Masons true are laid aside,
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.
Chor. Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Swee?

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 Chor. A lodge thus built, for ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the art,
 From Jabel down to Burlington,
 And let each brother bear a part.
 Chor. Let noble Masons healths go round,
 Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

SONG CXIV.

HARK! the bonny Chriil-Church Bells,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 They sound so woundy great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they troul so merrily, merrily.

Hark the first and second bell,
 That every day at four and ten,
 Cries come to pray'rs,
 And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small Bell at nice,
 To call the bearers home;
 But the devil a man
 Will leave his cann,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

SONG CXV.

Hark! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly, fair morning :
 Up Roger and James, and drive out your teams,
 Up quickly to carry the corn in.

Davy the drowsy, and Barnaby Bowsy,
 At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, boys :
 Sluggards shall chatter with Small-beer and water,
 While you shall tope off the March-beer, boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er;
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing :
 To get us stout hum 'gainst Christmas does come,
 Away where the Barley is mowing.

In your smock sleeves go bind up the sheaves too,
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry,
 And when the work's over, at night give each lover
 A hug and a bu's in the dairy.

There's two for the mow, and two for the plough,
 'Tis then the next labour comes after ;
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my wife and my daughter.

Roger the lusty, tell Rachel the trusty,
 The barn's a rare place to steal garters ;
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the mowthen,
 And take it at night for your quarters.

SONG CXVI.

I LIKE a match at cricket play,
 I'm fond of good cock fighting,
 I like to hunt so stout and gay,
 Oh, that I take delight in ;
 When on my mare, I chase a hare,
 Tho' sure to run her down, sir,
 The sport I'd quit, to court a bit,
 With buxom big Bet Bouncer.

Tom Cogg the miller's great big son,
 Who dresses fine on Sunday,
 Tho' he a prize at cudgels won,
 Upon the green last Monday,
 I would not let him towzle Bet,
 But fairly knock'd him down, sir,
 All sport I'd quit to court a bit,
 With buxom big Bet Bouncer.

Her hair's the colour of your hat,
 Her eyes look gay and sprightly,
 Her little fists are fine and fat,
 She always dresses tightly,
 Tho' cozen Con would have me on,
 By jingo I renounce her,
 When I'm of age, I will engage,
 To marry big Bet Bouncer.

SONG CXVII.

KITTY CROWDER.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none like Kitty Crowder,

She's

She's proudly call'd the regis queen,
And sure none can be prouder;
Where many a nymph of high renown,
Did ev'ry charm exhibit,
To whom the beaus of many a town
Did pay their silver tribute;
With ev'ry soft attracting grace
The queen of love endow'd her,
But Bacchus gave that burning face
To charming Kitty Crowder.

To purchase her at any rate,
I'd freely give a million,
And to acquire my charming Kate
I'd fire another Rillion;
Egome, fair maids, I hate the thoughts
Of palely sipping creatures,
I live but in the burning light,
That shines in Kitty's features:
Although, fair maids, my advice seems odd,
Pray follow my direction,
Obey the little jolly god,
And drink for a complexion.

Let sipping mortals pinch and rub,
To make them red and pretty,
There's nothing like a hob or nob,
So push the bottle, Kitty.
In fairest skins some beauty's plac'd,
Where Cupid lurks in dimples,
Give me, ye gods, an honest face,
Well studded o'er with pimples;
'Tis lovely Kate my heart has won,
Who toping never misses,
But to her love comes staggering home,
And hiccups when she kisses.

SONG CXVIII.

ASSIST me, ye lads, that have hearts free from guile,
To sing forth the praises of Old Ireland's isle;
Where true Hospitality opens each door,
And Friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Chorus. Keith mella faltar'uth one bottle more,
Shaugh——Dr. Dorus——o'er and o'er.
Tho' trade it be poor we have credit galore,
And generous hearts to give one bottle more.

L

Oh,

Oh, Dick Twiss, your taunts on our country forbear,
With our bulls and our hogue, we are true and sincere ;
And if but one gallon remain in our store,
Our friends shall not part without one bottle more.

Chor. Keith mella faltaruth, &c.

At Candy's, in Church-street, could shew you a seat,
Where five of us Irishmen lately did meet ;
At gallons a piece we all paid off our score,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Chor. Keith mella faltaruth, &c.

At five in the morning we strove for to part,
But Friendship did grapple each man by the heart,
Whose slightest touch makes an Irishman roar,
With a whack for Shelelah and one dozen more.

Chor. Keith mella faltaruth, &c.

When Sol darts his beams thro' our windows so bright,
Well pleas'd to behold us lov'd children of night,
We part with our hearts neither sorry nor sore,
But long, soon again, to take one dozen more.

Chor. Keith mella faltaruth, &c.

SONG CXIX.

WOULD you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls ?
As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls.
The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong,
And nothing but friendship grows all the night long ;
We'll drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire,
Love only remains the unquenchable fire.

SONG CXX.

THE praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure :
Sweet is the pleasure after pain.
Chorus. Bacchus' blessings, &c.

SONG

SONG CXXI.

YE good fellows a'le,
Who love to be told where there's claret good flow,
Attend to the call of one who's ne'er fighted,
But greatly delighted with six bottles in use:
Be sure you don't pass the good hoarie money-glaſs,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
'Twill well fail your humour, for play what w'ld you
more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones?

Ye losers who pine
For lasses, who oft prove as cruel as fire,
Who whimper and whine for busses in roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,
Come hither, I'll shew ye, how Phantis and Culpe
No more shall occasion their sighs and such grosses,
For what mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by't is a dinner fit-time,
In reward for your rhymes, with Ham; try the duke;
Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
Forſake all the maids, those feste eis old drones;
Our jingling of glasses, your rhyming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so float,
With plenty of oaths, though not plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout of all your commanders,
Who serv'd us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your rattling, of fighting and battling,
And own you'd much better to sleep with whole bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar, your note would soon alter,
And with for good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who my'ries profound can demonstrate so clear,
How worthy to rise, you preach once a week,
But your tythes never seek above once in a year:
Come here without failing, and leave off your railing;
Gain't bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine, what is life without wive?
Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye lawy'ers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, you so learnedly plead,
 How worthy o' trust, you know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to be feed,
 Leave mutt'ly reports, and forsake the king's courts
 Where duincs and discord have set up their thrones,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consits in hard words and grimace,
 When e'er you prescribe, have at your devotion
 Pills, bo's, or potion, be what will the case:
 Pray where is the need, to purge, b'itter, and bleed,
 When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing,
 As minth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye fox-hunters, eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake before they're awake,
 To beat up the breake where the vermin is found,
 Leave Piper and Blucman, shrill Dutches and Trueman;
 No music is found in such dissonant tones:
 Wou'd you ravish your ears, with the songs of the spheres,
 Hark ! away to the claret and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

SONG CXXII.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain,
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blasts that tear the skies,
 Serve but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, &c.

The

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame.
And work their woe, but thy renown.

Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with corn nice shine,
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry more incircle thine.

Rule, &c.

The mutes, &c. I with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, &c.

SONG CXXIII.

The SOLDIER's MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drums had beat a revelley,
And jolly soldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camps slept late and found :
Only one poor soldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er subdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his plaintive love.

Oh, women are delicate, dangerous things,
Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with stings,
They are not to be gained without care and cost,
They are hard to be won and are easily lost ;
In seeking a fair one I found to my smart,
I know not the way, but I lost my poor heart.

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay,
And unto him did say,
Rise, soldier, rise !
Hark ! the drums have beat to arms,
Hark ! to the loud alarm,
Hast thou beauty, mind your duty,
Thank not o'er her charms.
Rise, soldier, rise,
I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you through the land,

HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

And I'll give you the command
Of a chosen band.

Rise, soldier, rise,
Dont be stupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Follow Minerva's wise advice.

Soldie, go home, go home,
Never mind your mistress's scorn,
Slight, slight her again, slight, slight her again,
For slighted love should slight return.

The soldier thus rous'd from his amorous love,
Hasted away to his duty,
And swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Batchelors bluff, batchelors bluff,
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Those that are single never wear horns,
Those that live single are happy;
Those that are married lie upon thorns,
And always look ragged and shabby,
Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds, come dig,
Round about, cuckold, come dance to my jigg.

Those that live single fear not a rout
Nothing to them can be tweter,
They have no wife to whiper or pout,
Saying how can you leave me, dear creature?
Batchelors bluff, batchelors bluff,
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Ye belles and beaus so smart and fair,
Say were not soldiers form'd for love,
I'm sure you'll find them all sincere,
If you but kind and constant prove;
But if you slight their passions flitt,
And tyrannize o'er heart so true,
Depend upon it they'll rebel,
And will not care a fig for you.

Oh, hold your foolish tongue,
A little laughing Cupid said,
Have you not heard it sung,
That constancy will win a maid:
Then what on earth or heav'n above
Is equal to the joys of love?

Let Wisdom preach in schools,
What has she with love to do?
We go not by her rules,
Unbounded pleasures we pursue:
On rosy wings our fancy flies,
And ev'ry worldly care defies.

Let Mars in council boast
Of resolution, strength, and art,
Love comes without a post,
And steals away the soldier's heart;
Love breaks the bow, the sword, the spear,
And turns the angry face of war.

The greatest men alive,
By Cupid's bow have been o'ercome,
'Tis vain with love to strive,
Though arm'd with spear, or sword or gun;
Then ground your arms, sons of war,
There's no quarrelling with the fair.

SONG CXXIV.

On making a memorable general peace, written by the Earl of C——; in the FABLE of which there is so interesting a MORAL, (exclusive of its striking drollery) that the public will be highly pleased with this, among the many other choice pieces of humour. — Tune: A begging we will go.

TWO Welchmen, partners in a cow,
Reolv'd to sell her dear:
They laid their heads together how
To do't at Ludlow fair.
 *Fal de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,
 de rol, de rol, de dol, dol da.*

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
When on they drove the beast:
And having got about ha' way,
They laid them down to rest.

The cow, a creature of no breeding,
The place with grails being flo'd,
Fed by, and while she was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty load.

ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell thee what,
Two words and I have done:
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
The cow is all thy own.

'Tis

'Tis done, quoth ROGER, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;
He was so eager let, 'tis said,
That he forgot his grace.

He labour'd with his wooden spoon,
And up he flopp'd the tuft;
'Till by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.

He felt, but scorning to look back,
Would seem still to want more;
And then he made a fresh attack,
As vigorous as before.

But stopping short a-while, he cry'd,
How fares it, neighbour HUGH?
I hope by this thou'rt satisfy'd,
Who's master of the cow.

Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, the devil choke thee,
For nothing else will do;
I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing!
Yet I will tell thee, friend of mine,
I will not seek thy ruin.

My heart now turns against such gains,
I know thou'rt pitous too;
Eat thou the half that still remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's blessing on thy heart, quoth HUGH,
That profer none can gainlay,
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his share of tanley.

And now, quoth HUGH, there is no doubt
Of either side much winner;
So has we been, quoth HUGH, without
This d——n——d confounded dinner.

The M O R A L.

Thus princes war with equal rage,
Through fac'd thirst of power;
This gains a battle, that a siege,
So 'tis as 'twas before.

SONG CXXV.

YOU've heard, no doubt, how all the globe
Was soak'd of old with Noah's flood !
See ! here's a globe that holds a sea !
A sea of liquor twice as good ! Tol lol de rol.

Had Noah's been a flood like this,
And Anak's sons such souls as I,
They'd drank the deluge as it rose,
And left the ark, like Noah, dry. Tol lol de rol.

SONG CXXVL

WOULD you be a man in fashion ?
Would you lead a life divine ?
Take a little dram of passion, (a little dram of passion)
In a lully dose of wine.
If the nymph has no compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and groan :
Love was but put in for fashion,
Wine will do the work alone.

SONG CXXVII.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

SONG CXXVIII.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
Makes the heavy light and gay ;
Throws off all their melancholy ;
Makes the wifey go astray,
And the busy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old;
 Women leave their coy dildaining,
 Who tall then were shy and cold;
 Makes a niggard flight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.

SONG CXXIX.

WINE's a mistress gay and easy,
 Ever free to give delight;
 Let what may perplex and tease ye,
 'Tis the bottle lets all right.
 Who would leave a lasting treasure,
 To embrase a childish pleasure,
 Which soon as tasted takes its flight?
 Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,
 Rouze your hearts, ere 'tis too late;
 Fill the goblet, never spare it,
 That's your armour 'gainst all fate.

SONG CXXX.

If any so wise is,
 That sack he despises,
 Let him drink his small beer, and be sober;
 Whilst we drink wine, and sing
 As if it were spring,
 He shall droop like the trees in October.
 But be sure, over night,
 If this dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a warning,
 Soon as out of your bed,
 To fettle your head,
 Take a hair of his tail in the morning.
 And be not so silly
 To follow old Lally;
 For there's noth'ng but wine that can true us;
 Let his *ne ciff'e cas*
 Be put in his cap-cafe,
 And sing *tibito viuam jucundus*.

SONG CXXXI.

IF wine and musick have the pow'r
 To ease the sicknes of the soul,
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasures to destroy
 The frowns of this live-long night.
 But she to-morrow will return ;
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great,
 Thy myrtles flrew, thy odours burn,
 And meet the fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind Goddess, to no other pow'r
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

SONG CXXXII.

IF Phillis denies me relief,
 It she's angry, I'll seek it in wine ;
 Though she laughs at my amorous grief,
 At my mirth why should she repine ?

The sparkling champaign shall remove
 All the grief my dull soul has in store,
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 By drinking what can I do more ?

Would Phillis but pity my pain,
 Or my amorous vows would approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.

SONG CXXXIII.

Mortals, wisely learn to measure
 Time by the extent of joy :
 Life's a short and fleeting pleasure,
 Then be gay,
 Whilst you may,
 And your hours in mirth employ.

Never let a mistress pain you,
 Though she meets you with a frown ;

Fly to wine 'twill soon unchain you,
 Clear thy heart,
 And all smart,
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames shou'd seize you,
 To some gentler maid repair,
 She'll with soft endearments ease you ;
 On her breast,
 Lull'd to rest,
 Eas'd of love, and freed from care.

Friendship, Love, and Wine united,
 From all ills defend the mind,
 By them guarded and delighted ;
 Happy state,
 Smile at fate,
 And leave sorrow to the wind.

SONG CXXXIV.

TO the God of Wine
 My song and my design
 With a grateful spirit will I raise,
 'Tis my heart's delight
 To give him ev'ry night,
 And to carol merrily his praise.

Monarch Bacchus, gay and young ;
 Free to save us,
 And relieve us,
 When the world goes wrong.
 Sound his name,
 Raise it high,
 Sing his fame
 To the sky,
 Till the wide world join in our song.

Shou'd a mortal dare
 His merry subjects sneer,
 Let him dread the fate decreed,
 A new law well weigh'd
 The drinking court has made,
 And to justice thus they'll proceed.

Set the rebel to the bar,
 That the traitor,
 Bound in fetter,
 May his sentence hear.

Let

Let the regie,
In a string,
Like a dog,
Take a swing,
Or be drown'd in rot-gut small-beer.

SONG CXXXV.

WINTER.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have left;
When all Nature's dirob'd of her mantle of green,
And the rivers are bound by the frost:
When the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flocks turn away to their fold,
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard, when the cattle are folder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath with a steam;
When the neat looking dairy-maid finds the mult thaw,
Flakes of ice she beholds in her cream:
When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
Oft falls as the carelessly slides,
And the rustic laughs loud if in tripping she shews
Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses in company join'd,
With raptures on each other gaze,
Talk of witches and fairies that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts 'till they're all in amaze:
When the birds to the barn door come hov'ring for food,
Or silently sit on the spray,
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.

Heav'n grant in that season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
When the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
We may thither in safety retire,
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from alarms,
We may live and each other enjoy,
With pleasure reflect on those long envy'd charms,
Which possession never could cloy.

SONG CXXXVI.

GAY Damon long studi'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young thepherd that pipes on the plain;
M I'd

I'd hear his soft tale then declare 'twas amiss,
And would often say no when I thought to say yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame;
Oh take these, he cry'd, thou' more fair than the fleece,
I could hardly say no, tho' ashamed to say yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,
He press'd my hand hard and in sighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,
I design'd to've said no, but mistook and said yes.

At this, with delight, his heart jump'd in his breast,
Ye gods! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;
Come let's to the church and share conjugal bliss,
To prevent being teaz'd I was forc'd to say yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife,
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
Ye must all die old maids if ye will not say yes.

SONG CXXXVII.

LET school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genius* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their Quis, and their Quas, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll,

When methodist preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wage the ratca's a clown,
They always preach hell with a skinful;
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let some cry up woodcock & h'ee,
 You'll have your ducks, and your widgeons;
 But 'tis all the fine birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 To roddie, to oddie, toroll.

SONG CXXXVIII.

COLD women we are,
 And as wife in the chair,
 And as fit for the quorum as men,
 We can scold on the beach,
 And examine a wench,
 And like them, and like them, and like them, can be wrong
 now and then, and like them, can be wrong now and then.
CHOR. For look the world thro' and you'll find nine in
 ten, old women can do, old women can do, old women
 can do, as much as old men.

We can hear a sad case,
 With a no meaning face,
 And though shallow yet seem to be deep,
 Leave all to the clerk,
 And when matters grow dark,
 Their worshipes had better go sleep.
 For look, &c.

When our wisdom is task'd,
 And hard questions are ask'd,
 We answer them best with a snore,
 We can mump a tit bit,
 And can joke without wit,
 Pray what can their worshipes do more?
 For look, &c.

SONG CXXXIX.

AS gilded serpents seek the sun,
 In filthy mazes subtly turning,
 The ambitious thus glare creeping on;
 May I be fill such splendor icorning.
CHOR. Oh my bonny, bonny Bacchus,
 My roly, vintage-blessing Bacchus,
 Without deceit,
 By thee we're great,
 For only thou canst greatly make us.

As moles for worms (tho' purblind) try,
 Burying themselves in dirt rais'd lumber,

'Mi'f usleſſ scenes this calendarry,
Let no ſuſh ſearch my thoughts encumber,
Oh my bonny, &c.

The j ys here, horn, and hound can yield,
The ruffie'quare thinks deſtituting,
The down bea quots for dewy'ed field,
But a bottle's chafe ſure's more inviting.
Oh my bonny, &c.

The ſaors dreadfuſ dangers court,
And fortune through the teas purſuing ;
We loo'ell gain the will-o-for poſt,
If quicke we keep the bottle going.
Oh my bonny, &c.

Pale, love-fick fools, mop'd by deſpair,
Who whimper 'mait coquettish laſſe,
And quit their bottle for the fair,
Are flupid water-drinking aſſes.
Oh my bonny, &c.

No longer, lovers, lonely pine,
Henceforth be better taught your duties,
Leave ladies in their turns to whine,
And let brifk bumpers be your beauties.
Oh my bonny, &c.

SONG CXL.

VE ſons of the platter, give ear,
Vener habet auge, tunc iay,
The prate of gaſt eating to hear,
You'll never be cut o' the way,
But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Stand ready to cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

The ſcience of eating is old,
Its antiquity no man can doubt :
The' Adam was ſquacsmith we're told,
Eve ſoon found a dainty bit out.
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Our paſſage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Thro' the world from the West to the eaſt,
Whether city, or country, or court,
There's none, whether layman or priſt,
But with a ſtearfe conſtelle the ſport ;
When with knives sharp as razors and stomachs as keen,
Their paſſage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At

At London, the chief magistrate,
From a sermon at holy St. Paul's,
Strait rides in a great coach of state,
To a dinner at Finsingay's Hall.

Where with knife sharp as razors, and stomach as keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

There come Aldermen wrapt in in fur,
And sword-bearers too at that car,
Or how were he to bear
The sword, and the scabbard, and all?

There with knives sharp as razors, and stomach as keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Community-council, and Lie-ey-men,
The rulers of every street,
Thither go to eat and come again;
They, like magistrates, live it to eat,
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the sound of the great college bell,
On a gawday the doctors decently,
With a grace all in Latin to tell,
The founder to eat a friend,
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the horn's most untunableness,
The judges rep with their roar,
And with knapsicks tickled up their throats,
Such a good carol's according to law,
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the knoll at the battery hatch,
The rosy child of a certain comely town;
An' my lord himself in face such a patch,
Till the gout at that time did him down,
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Neither morn, neither knicker, nor bell,
Hath the ploughman to give him his fee;
His stomach has finest fine tell,
And he whets no edge-knife on his floor;
Then with edge sharp as razors, and stomach as keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

The 'squire makes the chafe at his care,
O'er hills and thro' vales his course;

And after a whet of fresh air,
He as hungry returns as his horse ;
Then with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

Here the doctor, the lawyer, divine,
The courtier, the tradesman, all meet ;
Their care and their toil is to dine ;
— 'Tis all — to be able to eat.
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

A feast is an emblem of life,
Where no longer we tarry but we're gone ;
Few can say I have play'd a good knife,
Few or none, life's o' thort, few or none.
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

SONG CXLI.

IN the fields in frosts and snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my father's cows,
There I milk'd 'em fairly :
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, every where a boo.
We defy all care and trouble,
In a charming country life.

Then at home amongst the fowls,
Watching late and early,
There I tend my father's owls,
There I feed 'em early :
Wheoing here, wheoing there,
Here a wheo, there a wheo, every where a wheo.
We defy all care, &c.

When the summer flocks heap,
Watching late and early ;
Then I shear my father's sheep,
Then I keep them early :
Baaing here, baaing there,
Here a baa, there a baa, every where a baa.
We defy all care, &c.

In the morning, ere 'twas light,
In the morning early ;
There I met with my delight,
Oh, he lov'd me dearly ;

Wooing

Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a woo, there a woo, every where a woo.

Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morn, at six o'clock,

In the morning early,

There I fed our Turkey-cock

There I fed him early :

Cou, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble ;

Here a cou, there a cou, every where a cou.

Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning, near the fen,

In the morning early,

There I feed my father's hens,

There I feed them early :

Cackle here, cackle there,

Here a cackle, there a cackle, every where a cackle.

Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning with good speed,

In the morning early,

I, my father's ducks do feed,

There I feed them early :

Quacking here, quacking there,

Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack.

Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning fair and fine,

In the morning early,

There I tend my father's swine,

There I feed them early :

Grunting here, grunting there,

Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt.

Oh, how free from care and strife

Is a pleasant country life.

SONG CXLII.

I'LL sing you a song that was never in print,

"Tis newly and truly come out of the mint,

And I'll tell you before hand, you'll find nothing in't

Tol, dol, &c.

"Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,

"Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I slight,

And I don't care a pin if I get nothing by't.

Tol, dol, &c.

Fire, air, earth and water, birds, beasts, fish, and men,
Did start out of nothing, a chao, a doo,

And

And all things must turn to nothing again.

Tol, dol, &c.

The lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,
And hopes to obtain her by fighting and soothng,
Most frequently makes much ado about nothing.

Tol, dol, &c.

But soon as his patience and purse are decay'd,
He may to the arms of a whore be betray'd,
For me that has no *thing* must needs be a maid.

Tol dol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit,
As when foo & amongst wife men do sicutly sit;
The foot that says nothing may pass for a wit.

Tol, dol, &c.

When first by the ears we together did fall,
Then something got nothing, and nothing got all,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall,

Tol, dol, &c.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,
And lays, that on nothing I nothing have wit,
I shall answr. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Tol, dol, &c.

But let his discretion be ever so tall,
This very word Nothing may give him a fall,
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Tol, dol, &c.

So let ev'ry man give the poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.

Tol, dol, &c.

This very word nothing, if sa'en the right way,
May be of advantage; what will you say,
When the landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?

Tol, dol, &c.

S O N G CXLIII.

DEAR heart what a terrible life am I led,
A dog has a master that's shelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis of fame,
My paines dere gaines;
Me with to de lond me ~~was~~ dead.

What

What e'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run,
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo e'ry where;
 Above and below,
 Sirrah come, sirrah go,
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh ! Oh !

Me with to de lord me was dead.

SONG CXLIV.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,

Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;

He begg'd for admittance, she answered him no,

Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My Dolly, my dear, your true love is here,

Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.

No, no, Roger, no, as you came you may go.

Stumpaty, thumpaty, thump.

Oh ! what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,

Humpaty, &c.

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd.

Trumpaty, &c.

Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,

Crumpaty, &c.

Suppose there's been two, pray what's that to you ?

Numpaty, &c.

Oh ! then with a sigh, his sad farewell he took,

Humpaty, &c.

And all in despair he leap'd into the brook,

Plumpaty, &c.

His course he could, he found himself fool'd,

Mumpaty, &c.

He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more.

Dumpaty, &c.

Oh ! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,

Numpaty, &c.

Whilst he, like a madman, ran over the plain,

Stumpaty, &c.

Determined to find a damsel more kind,

Plumpaty, &c.

Whilst Dolly's afraid, she must die an old maid.

Mumpaty, &c.

SONG

SONG CXLV.

IF in courts your suit depend,
Or a grudge if you ente tain ;
Be sure you make the judge your friend
By a tip behind the curtain ;
Then decree goes
Gib against your foes,
Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.

SONG CXLVI.

NOW we are all met together,
Like birds of one feather,
Let us drink and be harmefully merry ;
Tho' fortune may frown,
Her malice we'll drown,
In a flood of neat port or bright sherry.

Come bring a fresh flask,
And broach every caik ;
We had better be prudently mad,
With enliv'ning good liquor,
(I'll appeal to the vicar)
Than, als-like, be stupidly sad.

'Tis wise to be gay,
And enjoy thee to-day,
Without too fond care for to-morrow ;
For how'e'er we may fret,
Not one doit of our debt,
Can be paid by whole years of dull sorrow.

SONG CXLVII.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, Jo ;
But gin she winna take a man,
E'en let her take her will, Jo.
Prithee lad leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away :
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret ;
How invitingly it looks !
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't ;
Pox on fighting, trade and books ;

Let's

Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl;
Plac't on th' middle of the table,
And let wind and weather growl.

Call the drawer let him fill it
For as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spil it;
"Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drank a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

SONG CXLVIII.

WHEN Bacchus the patron of love, wit, and mirth,
With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
Some, drunk with his bounties, deny'd to obey:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshal'd his force,
Silenus was fiddler, lord Pan led the host,
The Ganges they par'd, came in fight of the foe,
And struck them all dead, without striking a blow.
Derry down, see.

"Twas Pan did thefeat, put their troops in a fright,
For he flye stole into their camp over night,
And, while they lay sleeping, not dreaming of harm,
He drew off their wine, fill'd their dalek up with water.
Derry down, see.

Next morn, when they woke, and their bottles pull'd on,
The if it giveth they took put them at o're about;
They tumble down, content to in arctice climie,
From whence came the phair, to put men in a flane.
Derry down, see.

Ye heroes of Europe, whole in that parade
Attra's the first name of the gods keepes in mid,
Wee judge of this, whether and wherof that warre
Coulde you, with mere water, make a leis to war?
Derry down, see.

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
As much by his drinking as fighting, got fame;

He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.

Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
Great Caesar was dragg'd to the ignate-houie slaughter ;
Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropp'd their
defien,
And no more spilt his blood than we bucks spill our wine.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more nob'e we nourish our youth,
Kept constant to claret they're constant to truth.
On the virtues of wine you may safely depend,
He who sticks to his bottle will stick to his friend.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine, like the sun, that invig'rates our hours,
Wine bloom our complexion as Sol blooms the flowers ;
And, as birds grateful sing when he spreads his bright
rays,
So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret's praise.

Derry down, &c.

Mark each rose, when the sun from the horizon's fled,
Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head ;
When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will be-
come,
Fold his arms, give a sigh, hide his head, and skulk
home.

Derry down, &c.

END OF THE DRINKING SONGS.

TOASTS

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, & HOB NOBS.

MAY our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.
 All the joys of Love and Wine,
 Universal Benevolence,
 The Sigh without sorrow,
 Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
 May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education.
 May our joy and vigour be united, and both be extensive.
 May our joys with the fair, give pleasure to the heart.
 May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.
 May the repletion of our joys be equal to the first attack.
 Honour and influence to the publick invited patrons of trade.
 May contentment be the fate of such among us as that in foreign popery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Ireland.
 The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
 Life, Love, and Liberty.
 The honest patriot, and honour'd Irishman.
 May a power be given us, and more grace to our enemies.
 May we never want resolution to defend our independency against the physical attack of invader'd ambition.
 May the evening sun catch us in the noon-day affection.
 May our sons, always, when only extenuating what they have wronged, be ready.
 Unity, that is, a solidity among the sons of Ireland.
 Good-luck till we are tired of it.
 Cobweb breeches; a prancing faddle; a hard trotting horse; and a long journey to the enemies of the last.
 May the wing of extravagance be clipt by the tal'rs of economy.
 Long live us till short faces to the enemies of Ireland.
 May all but Friends find a friend in need.
 May genius and merit never want a friend.
 May we be equally able to withstand the assaults of prosperity and adversity.
 That virtue may always be amply rewarded.
 That candour and honesty may always be our governing principles.
 May our conscience be found, tho' our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.
 May virtue always prove victorious.
 Decent economy.
 Frugality without meanness.
 May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.
 May power be influenced by justice only.
 May we never taste the apples of affliction.
 May we be rich in friends rather than money. }
 May we be loved by those whom we love.
 May he who wants friendship also want friends.
 May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to no-
 thing but merit.
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.
 May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
 May those who inherit the title of gentleman by birth deserve
 it by their behaviour.
 May we never praise any man to undo him.
 May we never swear a tradesman out of his due, or a credu-
 lous girl out of her virtue.
 May providence unite the hearts that love.
 More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland:
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil.
 Sweet Briars.
 Pleasure here, and happiness hereafter.
 The losing gamblers.
 The road to a christening.
 A game at All Fours and Whist afterwards.
 The two Friends who weep at meeting.
 The three W's—Women, Wit, and Wine.
 Love in a cottage, and envy to none.
 The Spring of love, and the vett of enjoyment.
 The Harvest of life; love, wit, and good claret.
 Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.
 May the single be married, and the married be happy.
 More friends and no need of them
 May the man we trust be honest, and the land we live in
 free.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 May hemp bind him whom honour can't.
 The two strangers at court. [honour and honesty.]
 Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.
 The agreeable rule of life.
 The land we live in.
 Life to the man who has courage to lose it,
 And wealth to him who has sp'it to use it.
 Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.

{

Riches

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.
 May all great men be good, and all good men be great.
 The man who dares to be honest in the worst of times.
 May the honest heart never know distress.
 May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be finished by a death
 seasoned with tranquillity, and followed by a memory full of
 honour.
 May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions,
 The magical monosyllable.
 A good wife and a great many of them.
 May he that made the world take us all.
 May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.
 Success to the brave, and fight to the hind.
 Success to our exertions in Love-time.
 Sun-shine and good humour all the world over.
 Perpetual spring to friendship, youth and love.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 The key that lets the man in and the maid out.
 The grave that buries the living, and calls up the dead.
 May the standing man push his argument with vigour, and the
 falling woman sue succeed in her undertaking.
 Delicate pleasures to insatiable mines.
 The female arithmetician, who multiplies by subtraction.
 The merriest thought we ever thought.
 The cock in cover.
 The pleasures of imagination realized.
 The Naked Truth.
 Cupid's spigot and foil.
 May we never want courage when put to a shift.
 Love for love.
 Love, fire, and frolick.
 All we wish, and all we want.
 Love and opportunity.
 Success to our hopes and enjoyment to our wishes.
 Love and friendship.
 Health, love, and ready rhino.
 To all the friends whom you and I know. {
 May the honest heart never know distress.
 May Reason be our pilot when Passion blows the gale.
 Health to the sick; honour to the brave;
 Success to the lover; and freedom to the slave. {
 May the Devil cut the toes off our enemies, that we may
 know them by their limping.
 May we never meet an old friend with a new face.
 May we never lose a friend or make an enemy.
 May the slaves at court be slaves in America.

An importation of our friends, duty free; and an exportation
of . . . enemies without a draw-back.

The export o' Ireland; its enemies the first.

May we live, o're, and be happy, and our enemies know it.

May we draw our curtain, and friendship our cork.

May the love we owe ourselves, never injure our neighbour.

May we live to die, and die to live.

May the best of our past days be the worth to come.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

The sportingman's wish. [A gun well charged, and game in
view.]

Rough rubble and a merry pointer.

Pope's estimation of wit. [Quick conception and easy deli-
very.]

May poverty never oppress us, or riches make us proud.

May he who deceives his friend fall in the hands of his
enemy.

May the enemies of Ireland never eat the bread thereof.

May good men be composed, pretty girls prifed, and bad men
corrected.

F I N I S.



